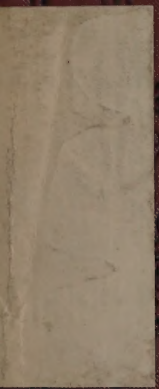
POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



GREECE

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POEMS OF PLACES

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

GREECE, AND TURKEY IN EUROPE

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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INTRODUCTORY.

GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

COULD we, though but for an hour, burst through those gates adamantine,
Which, as the children of men pass onward in swift generation,
Time's dark cavern along, are heavily closing behind them!
Could we but breathe the delight of the time when, fresh in his boyhood,
Out of his own exuberant life, man gave unto nature,
And new senses awoke, through every nerve of creation!

Waves of the old Ægean! — I listen your musical ebbing;
Smile to my eye, as you will, with smiles clear-crystal as ever,
Bind, in your silvery net, fair capes and embowerèd islands,
But ye can bear no more on your breast that vision of glory,

When in the cool moon-dew went forth the imperial revel,
Dolphins and pearl-shell cars, of the queen and the people of ocean;
Whose sweet-undulant murmur the homeless mariner hearkened,
Over the undulant sapphire, and trembled in glad adoration.

How were ye voiced, ye stars, — how cheerily Castor and Pollux
Spoke to the quivering seaman, amid the outpouring of tempest:
With what a firm-set gaze on the belt triple-gemmed of Orion
Looked the serene Greek child, as he thought of the suffering giant,
Panting with sightless orbs for the dawn's miraculous healing;
With what a sigh did he pass from the six proud deified sisters,
On to the fate of the fallen, and mourned for the love that dethroned her;
Not by elaborate charts did he read that book of the heavens,
For to his heart's fine ear it was taught by a heavenly master.

Now from her window perchance may the maiden of desolate Hellas,
When with the woes of her love and her land her spirit is heavy,

Yearn to the white-bright moon, which over the curvéd horizon,
Climbing the air still flushed with the flames of the opposite sunset,
Seems with affectionate eye to regard her, and weep to her weeping;
But it is now not as when, having pined for Endymion's kindness,
She with the mourners of love held personal sympathy ever,
When in the sky's void chasms a wanderer, she to the pilgrim,
Over the world's sick plain, was a dear companion in sorrow.

Down through the blue-gray thyme, which roofs their courses with odor,
Rivulets, gentle as words from the lips of beauty, are flowing;
Still in the dusky ravine they deepen and freshen their waters, —
Still in the thick-arched coves they slumber and dimple delighted,
Catching the full-swelled fig, and the deep-stained arbutus ruby, —
Still to the sea's sand-brim, by royally gay oleanders,
And oriental array of reeds, they are ever attended;
But they are all dumb forms, unimpregnate with vital emotion,
Now from the pure fount-head, no nymph, her bosom expanding,

Dazzles the wayworn wretch with a smile of bland
benediction,
Giving the welcomed draught mysterious virtue and
savor;
Now no curious hind in the noontide's magical ardor,
Peeps through the blossomy trellis, that over the pool's
dark crystal
Guards the immaculate forms of the awful Olympian
bathers;
Now at the wide stream-mouth never one, one amorous
Triton
Breathes to the surge and the tall marsh-blooms eu-
phonious passion.

These high temples around, the religiöus shade of the
olive
Falls on the grass close-wove; in the redolent valley
beneath us
Stems of the loftiest platan their crowns large-leavéd
are spreading,
And the most motley of herds is adorning the calm of
their umbrage;
Yet ye are gone, ye are vanished forever, ye guardian
beings!
Who in the time-gnarled trunks, broad branches, and
summer enchantment
Held an essentiäl life, and a power, as over your
members, —
Soothing the rage of the storm by your piteous moans
of entreaty,
Staying the impious axe in the paralyzed hand of the
woodman.

Daphne, tremulous nymph, has fled the benignant asylum
Which, in the shape of the laurel, she found from the heat of Apollo;
Wan Narcissus has languished away from the languishing flower;
Hyacinth dwells no more in his brilliant abode, and the stranger
Reads the memorial signs he has left with a stolid amazement.

Thou art become, O Echo! a voice, an inanimate image;
Where is the palest of maids, dark-tressed, dark-wreathéd with ivy,
Who with her lips half opened, and gazes of beautiful wonder,
Quickly repeated the words that burst on her lonely recesses,
In a sad lovelorn voice, too deep-distracted to answer?

What must have been thy nature, O Greece! when marvellous-lovely
As it now is, it is only the tomb of an ancient existence?

Lord Houghton.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

WHILST the smiling earth ye governed still,
And with rapture's soft and guiding hand
Led the happy nations at your will,
Beauteous beings from the fable-land!

Whilst your blissful worship smiled around,
Ah! how different was it in that day!
When the people still thy temples crowned,
Venus Amathusia!

When the magic veil of poesy
Still round truth entwined its loving chain, —
Through creation poured life's fulness free,
Things then felt, which ne'er can feel again.
Then to press her 'gainst the breast of love,
They on Nature nobler power bestowed,
All, to eyes enlightened from above,
Of a god the traces showed.

There, where now, as we 're by sages told,
Whirls on high a soulless fiery ball,
Helios guided then his car of gold,
In his silent majesty, o'er all.
Oreads then these heights around us filled,
Then a dryad dwelt in yonder tree,
From the urn of loving naiads rilled
Silver streamlets foamingly.

Yonder Laurel once imploring wound,
Tantal's daughter slumbers in this stone;
From yon rush rose Syrinx' mournful sound,
From this thicket Philomela's moan.
Yonder brook Demeter's tears received,
That she wept for her Persephone,
From this hill, of her loved friend bereaved,
Cried Cythera, fruitlessly!

To Deucalion's race from realms of air
Then the great Immortals still came down;
And to vanquish Pyrrha's daughter fair,
Then a shepherd's staff took Leto's son.
Then 'tween heroes, deities, and men
Was a beauteous bond by Eros twined,
And with deities and heroes then
Knelt in Cyprus' Isle mankind.

Gloomy sternness and denial sad
Ne'er were in your service blest descried;
Each heart throbbed then with emotions glad,
For the happy were with you allied.
Nothing then was holy, save the fair;
Of no rapture was the god ashamed,
When the modest Muse was blushing there,
When their sway the Graces claimed!

Palace-like, then smiled your temples all,
Ye were honored in the hero-sport
At the isthmus' crown-clad festival,
And the goal the thundering chariots sought.
Beauteous dances that a spirit breathed
Circled round your altars bright and fair;
Round your brows the crown of triumph wreathed,
Garlands graced your fragrant hair.

Thyrsus-swingers' loud Evoë then,
And the panther-team that shone afar,
Welcomed him who rapture brought to men;
Fauns and Satyrs reeled before his car!

Round him sprang the Mænads' raving crew,
While their dances showed his wine's great worth,
And the host's full cheeks of tawny hue
Pointed to the cup with mirth.

In those days before the bed of death
Stood no ghastly form. Then took away
From the lips a kiss the parting breath,
And a genius quenched his torch's ray.
Even Orcus' rigid judgment scales
By a mortal's offspring once were held,
And the Thracian's spirit-breathing wails
E'en the angry Furies quelled.

Once again within Elysium's grove
Met the happy shade his joys so dear;
Lover faithful found his faithful love,
And his path regained the charioteer;
Linus' lute gave back each wonted strain,
Admet clasped Alcestis to his heart,
And Orestes found his friend again,
Philoctetes found his dart.

Nobler prizes then the wrestler crowned,
Who the arduous path of virtue pressed;
Glorious workers then of deeds renowned
Clambered up to join the spirits blest.
All the band of silent gods the while
Bowed to him who summoned back the dead;
From Olympus' height the twin-stars' smile
O'er the waves the pilot led.

Beauteous world, where art thou gone? O, thou,
Nature's blooming youth, return once more!
Ah, but in song's fairy region now
Lives thy fabled trace so dear of yore!
Cold and perished, sorrow now the plains,
Not one godhead greets my longing sight;
Ah, the shadow only now remains
Of yon living image bright!

* * *

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

THE DEAD PAN.

EXCITED by Schiller's "Götter Griechenlands," and partly founded on a well-known tradition mentioned in a treatise of Plutarch ("De Oraculorum Defectu"), according to which, at the hour of the Saviour's agony, a cry of "Great Pan is dead!" swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners, and the oracles ceased. — MRS. BROWNING'S *Poems.*

GODS of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Can ye listen in your silence?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide? In floating islands,
With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken
In old Æthiopia?
Have the Pygmies made you drunken,
Bathing in mandragora
Your divine pale lips that shiver
Like the lotus in the river?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,
In gigantic Alpine rows?
The black poppies out of number
Nodding, dripping from your brows
To the red lees of your wine, —
And so kept alive and fine?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Or lie crushed your stagnant corses
Where the silver spheres roll on,
Stung to life by centric forces
Thrown like rays out from the sun?
While the smoke of your old altars
Is the shroud that round you welters?
Great Pan is dead.

"Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,"
Said the old Hellenic tongue!
Said the hero-oaths, as well as
Poets' songs the sweetest sung!
Have ye grown deaf in a day?
Can ye speak not yea or nay —
Since Pan is dead?

Do ye leave your rivers flowing
All alone, O Naiades,
While your drenchéd locks dry slow in
This cold feeble sun and breeze? —
Not a word the Naiads say,
Though the rivers run for aye.
For Pan is dead.

From the gloaming of the oak-wood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee?
At the rushing thunderstroke would
No sob tremble through the tree? —
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye.
For Pan is dead.

Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst?
Shall we see no sudden faces
Strike a glory through the mist?
Not a sound the silence thrills
Of the everlasting hills.
Pan, Pan is dead.

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings, —
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings!
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities, —
Now Pan is dead!

Jove! that right hand is unloaded,
Whence the thunder did prevail,
While in idiocy of godhead
Thou art staring the stars pale!
And thine eagle, blind and old,
Roughs his feathers in the cold.
Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, O Juno, is the glory
Of thy regal look and tread?
Will they lay, for evermore, thee,
On thy dim, straight, golden bed?
Will thy queendom all lie hid
Meekly under either lid?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo! Floats his golden
Hair all mist-like where he stands,
While the Muses hang enfolding
Knee and foot with faint wild hands?
'Neath the clanging of thy bow,
Niobe looked lost as thou!
Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron
Pallas' broad blue eyes eclipse,
And no hero take inspiring
From the God-Greek of her lips?
'Neath her olive dost thou sit,
Mars the mighty, cursing it?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther
He swoons, — bound with his own vines!
And his Mænads slowly saunter,
Head aside, among the pines,
While they murmur dreamingly, —
"Evohe — ah — evohe — !
Ah, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside the trident,
Dull and senseless as a stone;
And old Pluto deaf and silent
Is cast out into the sun:
Ceres smileth stern thereat, —
"We all now are desolate —
Now Pan is dead."

Aphrodite! dead and driven
As thy native foam, thou art;
With the cestus long done heaving
On the white calm of thy heart!
Ai Adonis! At that shriek,
Not a tear runs down her cheek —
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves, we used to know from
One another, — huddled lie,
Frore as taken in a snow-storm,
Close beside her tenderly, —
As if each had weakly tried
Once to kiss her as he died.
Pan, Pan is dead.

What, and Hermes? Time enthralleth
All thy cunning, Hermes, thus, —
And the ivy blindly crawleth
Round thy brave caduceus?
Hast thou no new message for us,
Full of thunder and Jove-glories?
Nay! Pan is dead.

Crownéd Cybele's great turret
Rocks and crumbles on her head:
Roar the lions of her chariot
Toward the wilderness, unfed;
Scornful children are not mute, —
"Mother, mother, walk afoot —
Since Pan is dead."

In the fiery-hearted centre
Of the solemn universe,
Ancient Vesta, — who could enter
To consume thee with this curse?
Drop thy gray chin on thy knee,
O thou palsied Mystery!
For Pan is dead.

Gods! we vainly do adjure you, —
Ye return nor voice nor sign!
Not a votary could secure you
Even a grave for your Divine!
Not a grave, to show thereby,
Here these gray old gods do lie.
Pan, Pan is dead.

Even that Greece who took your wages,
Calls the obolus outworn;
And the hoarse deep-throated ages
Laugh your godships unto scorn —
And the poets do disclaim you,
Or grow colder if they name you —
And Pan is dead.

Gods bereavéd, gods belated,
With your purples rent asunder!
Gods discrowned and desecrated,
Disinherited of thunder!
Now, the goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top —
Now, Pan is dead.

Calm, of old, the bark went onward,
When a cry more loud than wind,
Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward,
From the piléd Dark behind;
And the sun shrank and grew pale,
Breathed against by the great wail, —
"Pan, Pan is dead."

And the rowers from the benches
Fell, — each shuddering on his face, —
While departing influences
Struck a cold back through the place;
And the shadow of the ship
Reeled along the passive deep —
"Pan, Pan is dead."

And that dismal cry rose slowly,
And sank slowly through the air,
Full of spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair!
And they heard the words it said, —
"Pan is dead, — Great Pan is dead, —
Pan, Pan is dead."

'T was the hour when One in Sion
Hung for love's sake on a cross, —
When his brow was chill with dying,
And his soul was faint with loss;
When his priestly blood dropped downward,
And his kingly eyes looked throneward, —
Then, Pan was dead.

By the love he stood alone in,
His sole Godhead stood complete;
And the false gods fell down moaning,
Each from off his golden seat, —
All the false gods with a cry
Rendered up their deity, —
Pan, Pan was dead.

Wailing wide across the islands,
They rent, vest-like, their divine!
And a darkness and a silence
Quenched the light of every shrine;
And Dodona's oak swang lonely
Henceforth, to the tempest only.
Pan, Pan was dead.

* * *

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

ON HOMER'S BIRTHPLACE.

FROM Colophon some deem thee sprung,
From Smyrna some, and some from Chios;
These noble Salamis have sung,
While those proclaim thee born in Ios;

And others cry up Thessaly
The mother of the Lapithæ.

Thus each to Homer has assigned
The birthplace just which suits his mind.

But, if I read the volume right,
By Phœbus to his followers given,
I 'd say they 're all mistaken quite,
And that his real country 's heaven;
While for his mother, she can be
No other than Calliope.

Antipater of Sidon. Tr. J. H. Merivale.

HOMER'S BIRTHPLACE.

SEVEN cities now contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Anonymous.

THE SEVEN CITIES.

Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.

Anonymous.

HOMER.

CAN all the wreaths that crown his head
Compensate now to Homer dead
The living Homer's want of bread?

Yet who would not a beggar be
To be as much renowned as he?
I would in sooth 't were offered me.

Anonymous.

ON HOMER.

STILL in our ears Andromache complains,
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains;
Still Ajax fights, still Hector 's dragged along, —
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song;
Whose birth could more than one proud realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born.

Anonymous.

GREEK POETESSES.

THESE the maids of heavenly tongue,
Reared Pierian cliffs among:
Anyte, as Homer strong,
Sappho, star of Lesbian song;
Erinna, famous Telesilla,
Myro fair, and fair Praxilla;
Corinna, — she, that sang of yore
The dreadful shield Minerva bore.
Myrtis sweet, and Nossis, known
For tender thought and melting tone;
Framers all of deathless pages,
Joys, that live for endless ages, —
Nine the Muses famed in heaven,
And nine to mortals earth has given.

Antipater of Thessalonica. Tr. Anon.

SONG OF THE CROW.

ALL persons and all things in Greece seem to have had their own peculiar songs, — ploughmen, reapers, millers, weavers, shepherds, etc., as may be seen in Athenæus, XIV. 619. Even the poor unpopular crow could boast of one, and persons went about begging in his name, and piping in strains suitable to his habits and disposition. "The crows," says Mr. Mitchell, "appear to have been in great disfavor with the Athenians; they had the fee-simple of all that society wished to eject from itself; and thus stood to the Greeks somewhat in the relation of that malignant person, who, according to Rabelais, breakfasts on the souls of sergeant-at-arms fricasseed. This song will show that the dislike to the crow did not prevail universally among the Greeks, but that the same use was made of him in some parts, as in others was made of the swallow." — PETER'S *Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome.*

LORDS and ladies, for your ear
We have a petitioner;
Name and lineage would ye know?
'T is Apollo's child, the Crow;
Waiting till your hands dispense
Gift of barley, salt, or pence.
He 's not one who picks and chooses;
Naught that 's proffered he refuses.
Who, to-day, gives salt, he knows
Next day fig or honey throws.
Open, open, gate and door:
Mark! the moment we implore,
Comes the daughter of the squire
With such figs as wake desire.
Maiden, for this favor done,
May thy fortunes, as they run,
Ever brighten. Be thy spouse
Rich, and of a noble house;

May thy sire, in aged ease,
Nurse a boy who calls thee mother;
And his grandam, on her knees,
Rock a girl, who calls him brother;
Kept as bride, in reservation,
For some favored near relation.
But enough now; I must tread
Where my feet and eyes are led;
Dropping at each door a strain,
Let me lose my suit or gain.

Then search, worthy gentles, the cupboard's close nook;
To the lord, and still more to the lady, we look:
Custom warrants the suit;—let it still then bear sway;
And your Crow, as in duty most bounden, shall pray.

Anonymous.

GREECE.

HAIL, Nature's utmost boast! unrivalled Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,
And lavished all that genius can inspire.
Cear, sunny climates by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægean, tempered kind:
Light, airy soils: a country rich, and gay
Broke into hills with balmy odors crowned,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales:
Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous flowed;
Whence deemed by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.

All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finished life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds?
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves;
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.

James Thomson.

GREECE.

FAIR Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long-accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait, —
O, who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,

Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned.

In all, save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

* * *

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow
Proclaim thee nature's varied favorite now:
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:

So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth;

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, glory, freedom, fail, but nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord —
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene, — what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.

Lord Byron.

GREECE.

NO breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain;
When shall such hero live again?

* * *

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odors there!
For there — the rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the nightingale,
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his rose,

Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the West,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange, that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,
There man, enamored of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly wooes him — but to spare.

Strange, that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!
He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And — but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,

The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling passed away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Lord Byron.

GRECIAN ODE.

YES, yes, 't is Greece! full many a fane
Around me gleams, as white
As when it gladdened cape or plain
The first time with its light;
And living choirs, far-eyed and virgin,
Once more through Time's old shade emerging,
With dew-brushed sandal and soft sound
Salute the dedicated ground.

Each hill of asphodel and bays
Sufficient deems its height
If steep enough its arch to raise
A temple into light.

From cape to cape, across the deep
The "winged Pines" in panic sweep,—
Among their forest-sires so ran
Shy wood-nymphs in the days of Pan!

In every bay the yearning billows
  Swell up, as proud as when
White Nereids slid from purple pillows
  Under old Homer's ken.
Above them still the Acacia throws
The warm shower of her sun-touched snows
Profusely as when Zephyr first
Deflowered the blooms himself had nursed.

Those theatres the white cliffs gird,
  Those hollows gray and wide,
With tamarisk feathered, and moss-furred,
  Those blue rifts far descried,
Those sinuous streams that blushing wander
Through labyrinthine oleander,
Those crocus mounds, that wind-flower hill,—
Hail, ancient land! 't is Hellas still!

Range beyond range the mountains rise;
  Smooth platform, and meet stage
If demigods for chariot prize
  Fraternal strife should wage.
Glad clouds are launched along the wind,
As though each snowy tent enshrined
Olympian choirs borne lightly by
With sound of spheral melody.

Behold that goat yon rift beneath,
  Eying those rocks pine-cloven!
Nor lacks yon mound its living wreath
  Of goatherds dance-inwoven,
Now measuring forth with Attic grace
(Like figures round a sculptured vase)
The accent of some mythic song,
Now hurled, a Bacchic group, along.

That old man 'neath the palm who sits
  Trolls loud a merry lay;
Round him as genial fancy flits
  As when his month was May.
Still from the nectared air he quaffs
As happy health, as gayly laughs,
As when he clomb yon breeze-swept hill
And see, those maidens fly him still!

Yon mighty ilex, vast and grave,
  Flings far its restless shadow;
But through its trunk, a windowed cave,
  Long lights divide the meadow:
Its roots all round like serpents creep,
And honey-dews its branches steep:
Thus beamed Dodona's oak afar
Fawn-haunted and oracular.

What vale was that wherein the Nine
  Were used with harmony to play?
Between the juniper and vine
  They roam each vale to-day!

What stream was that o'er which, flower-wreathed,
Her passion Aphrodité breathed?
Each lilied bank that stays each rill
From that wild breath is quivering still!

Yon children chasing the wild bees
Have lips as full and fair
As Plato had, or Sophocles,
When bees sought honey there.
But song of bard or sage's lore
Those fields ennoble now no more:
It is not Greece, — it must not be, —
And yet, look up, — the land is free!

I gazed round Marathon. The plain
In peaceful sunshine slept;
Eternal Sabbath there her reign
Inviolably kept:
"Is this the battle-field?" I cried.
An eagle from on high replied
With shade far cast and clangor shrill
"Yes, yes, — 't is Hellas, Hellas still!"

Aubrey de Vere.

THE GREEK BOY.

GONE are the glorious Greeks of old,
Glorious in mien and mind;
Their bones are mingled with the mould,
Their dust is on the wind;

The forms they hewed from living stone
Survive the waste of years, alone,
And, scattered with their ashes, show
What greatness perished long ago.

Yet fresh the myrtles there, — the springs
Gush brightly as of yore;
Flowers blossom from the dust of kings,
As many an age before.
There nature moulds as nobly now,
As e'er of old, the human brow;
And copies still the martial form
That braved Platæa's battle storm.

Boy! thy first looks were taught to seek
Their heaven in Hellas' skies;
Her airs have tinged thy dusky cheek,
Her sunshine lit thine eyes;
Thine ears have drunk the woodland strains
Heard by old poets, and thy veins
Swell with the blood of demigods,
That slumber in thy country's sods.

Now is thy nation free — though late —
Thy elder brethren broke —
Broke, ere thy spirit felt its weight,
The intolerable yoke.
And Greece, decayed, dethroned, doth see
Her youth renewed in such as thee;
A shoot of that old vine that made
The nations silent in its shade.

William Cullen Bryant.

GREECE.

Even as the pilgrim
Goes with his eye fixed on his prophet's tomb,
Or where his god is laid, so let me on,
Bent to that summit, where retiring day
Kindles its latest fires.
I now have conquered,
And heaven is all above me. Earth below
Spreads infinite, and rolls its mountain waves
Tumultuously around me. Breathless awe
Broods o'er my spirit, and I stand awhile
Rapt and absorbed. The magic vision floats
Dimly before me, and uncertain lights
Flash on my troubled eye, and then a calm,
High and uplifted, like the peace of heaven,
Steals on my heart, and instantly my thoughts
Are fixed and daring. 'T is the land of song, —
The home of heroes. O ye boundless plains,
Ye snowy peaks, ye dusky mountains, heaped
Like ocean billows, far retiring vales,
Blue seas, and gleaming bays, and islands set
Like gems in gold! to you I kneel with awe
Deep and unfeigned. If I have ever felt
The stirring energies of warlike virtue,
The sternness of unbending right, the bliss
Of high and holy dreams, the charm of beauty,
The power of verse and song, only to you
Be all the praise. And now ye are before me,
Rich with the tints of evening. What an arch

Of golden light swells, from the point of setting,
Over the Delphian hills! and how it rolls,
In dazzling waves, round all the mingled heights
That rise between! Yonder my eye can catch
Glimpses from out the far Achaian gulf,
Waving with flame, and seeming through the depths,
That dimly open to them, fiery portals
To brighter worlds. But now to calmer scenes
And shadier skies. I trace the silver stream
Threading its way, now hidden, now revealed,
To the round vale, half up the mountain-side,
Then lost in woods, and then in distant windings
Stealing along the plain. Yon lower ridge
Lies dark in shade; and hidden half in trees,
The whitewashed convent, with its gilded cross
And humble tower, sends upward through the hushed
And vacant air its vesper knoll, by distance
Mellowed to music. This is all the sound
That tells of life. Down through a gloomy gorge,
Walled in by rifted rocks, the vale of Ascra
Lies, like a nook withdrawn beyond the reach
Of violence; and yet the crescent crowns
A minaret, and tells a startling tale
Of woe and fear. Beyond, the Theban plain
Stretches to airy distance, till it seems
Lifted in air, — green cornfields, olive groves
Blue as their heaven, and lakes, and winding rivers,
And towns whose white walls catch the amber light,
That burns, then dies away, and leaves them pale
And glimmering, while a floating vapor spreads
From marsh and stream, till all is like a sea,

Rolling to Œta, and the Eubœan chain,
Stretching, in purple dimness, on the verge
Of this unclouded heaven. Far in the east
The Ægean twinkles, and its thousand isles
Hover in mist, and round the dun horizon
Are many floating visions, clouds, or peaks,
Tinted with rose. Before me lies a land
Hallowed with a peculiar sanctity,
The eye of Greece, — a wild of rocks and hills,
Lifted in shadowy cones, and deep between
Mysterious hollows, once the proud abodes
Of genius and of power. Now twilight throws
Around her softest veil, a purple haze
Investing all at hand, and farther on
Skyey and faint and dim. Methinks I catch,
Through the far opening heights, the Parthenon,
And all its circling glories. Salamis
Lies on its dusky wave; and farther out
Islands and capes, and many a flitting sail
White as a sea-bird's wing. The stars are out,
And all beneath is dark. The lower hills
Float in obscurity, and plain and sea
Are blended in one haze. Cyllene still
Bears on her snowy crown the rosy blush
Of twilight; and thy loftier head, Parnassus,
Has not yet lost the glory and the blaze
That suit the heaven of song. There let me pause;
There fix my latest look. How beautiful,
Sublimely beautiful, thou hoverest
High in the vacant air! Thou seemest uplifted
From all of earth, and like an island floating

Away in heaven. How pure the eternal snows
That crown thee! yet how rich the golden blaze
That flashes from thy peak! how like the rose,
The virgin rose, the tints that fade below,
Till all is sweetly pale!

James Gates Percival.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

GOVERNOR. Know then, Orestes at the Pythian games,
Eager for glory, met assembled Greece;
Soon as the herald's far-resounding voice
Proclaimed the course, the graceful youth appeared,
And was by all admired: successful soon
He reached the goal, and bore his prize away.
Ne'er did these eyes behold such feats performed
By mortal strength; in every course superior
He rose victorious: theme of every tongue
Was the brave Argive, great Atrides' son,
Who led the Grecian host; but O, in vain
Doth human valor strive, when power divine
Pursues vindictive! The succeeding morn
Uprose the sun, and with him all the train
Of youthful rivals in the chariot race;
One from Achaia, one from Sparta came,
Of Afric's sons advanced a noble pair,
And joined the throng; with these Orestes drove
His swift Thessalian steeds; Ætolia next,
For yellow coursers famed; and next Magnesia;
And Athens, built by hands divine, sent forth
Her skilful charioteer; an Ænian next

Drove his white horses through the field; and last
A brave Bœotian closed the warrior train.
And now in order ranged, as each by lot
Determined stood, forth at the trumpet's sound
They rushed together, shook their glittering reins,
And lashed their foaming coursers o'er the plain.
Loud was the din of rattling cars involved
In dusty clouds; close on each other prest
The rival youths, together stopt, and turned
Together all: the hapless Ænian first,
His fiery steeds impatient of subjection,
Entangled on the Lybian chariot hung;
Confusion soon and terror through the crowd
Disastrous spread; the jarring axles rung;
Wheel within wheel now cracked, till Chrysa's field
Was with the scattered ruins quite o'erspread.
The Athenian cautious viewed the distant danger,
Drew in the rein, and turned his car aside,
Then past them all. Orestes, who secure
Of conquest lagged behind, with eager pace
Now urged his rapid course, and swift pursued.
Sharp was the contest; now the Athenian first,
And now Orestes o'er his coursers hung,
Now side by side they ran; when to the last
And fatal goal they came, Atrides' son,
As chance with slackened rein he turned the car,
Full on the pillar struck, tore from the wheel
Its brittle spokes, and from his seat down dropped
Precipitate; entangled in the reins
His fiery coursers dragged him o'er the field,
Whilst shrieking crowds with pity viewed the youth,

Whose gallant deeds deserved a better fate.
Scarce could they stop the rapid car, or loose
His mangled corse, so drenched in blood, so changed,
That scarce a friend could say it was Orestes.
Straight on the pile they burnt his sad remains,
And, in an urn enclosed, a chosen few
From Phocis sent have brought his ashes home,
To reap due honors in his native land.
Thus have I told thee all, a dreadful tale!
But O, how far more dreadful to behold it,
And be like me a witness of the scene!

CHORUS. Ah me! the royal race, the ancient house
Of my loved master is no more!

CLYTÆMNESTRA. Great Jove!
The event was happy, but 't is mixed with woe.
For, O, 't is bitter to reflect that life
And safety must be purchased by misfortunes.

GOV. Why grieve you, madam?

CLY. 'T is a bitter task
To bring forth children; though a mother 's wronged,
A mother cannot hate the babe she bore.

Sophocles. Tr. T. Francklin.

PELASGIAN AND CYCLOPEAN WALLS.

YE cliffs of masonry, enormous piles,
Which no rude censure of familiar time
Nor record of our puny race defiles,
In dateless mystery ye stand sublime,
Memorials of an age of which we see
Only the types in things that once were ye.

Whether ye rest upon some bosky knoll,
Your feet by ancient myrtles beautified,
Or seem, like fabled dragons, to unroll
Your swarthy grandeurs down a bleak hillside,
Still on your savage features is a spell
That makes ye half divine, ineffable.

With joy, upon your height I stand alone,
As on a precipice, or lie within
Your shadow wide, or leap from stone to stone,
Pointing my steps with careful discipline,
And think of those grand limbs whose nerve could bear
These masses to their places in mid-air;

Of Anakim, and Titans, and of days
Saturnian, when the spirit of man was knit
So close to Nature, that his best essays
At Art were but in all to follow it,
In all, — dimension, dignity, degree;
And thus these mighty things were made to be.

Lord Houghton.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal, — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: cold pastoral!
When old age shalt this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

John Keats.

GREECE.

Athens.

ALTERED CONDITION OF ATHENS.

IT grieves me to behold the commonwealth.
Things were not thus administered of old;
Then men of sense and virtue, men whose merits
Gave them consideration in the state,
Held the first offices: to such we bowed
As to the gods, — and gods indeed they were, —
For under their wise counsels we enjoyed
Security and peace. But now, alas!
We have no other guide in our elections
Save chance, blind chance, and on whatever head
It falls, though worst and meanest of mankind,
Up starts he a great man, and is at once
Installed prime Rogue and Minister of State.

Eupolis. Tr. W. Peter.

ATHENS.

NYMPHS of the rain,
Let us visit again
The city by Pallas beloved, the home, —

The populous home of choicest delights,
Where for the appointed secret rites
From year to year the mystic dome
Duly unfolds its hallowed portals;
And gifts are there to the Powers Divine,
And many a statue and lofty shrine,
And pomps for all the blessed immortals;
Banquet and wreathy sacrifice
Hallow each season as it flies;
And ever, at the voice of spring,
Bacchus his graceful mirth renews;
Sweet choirs in strife melodious sing,
And all the festive echoes ring
With thunders of the Scenic Muse.

Aristophanes. Tr. J. B. Patterson.

ATHENS.

ATHENS, the stately-walled, magnificent!
Proem most beauteous for Alcmæon's race,
Whereon to lay the base
Of sacred song, their steeds' proud ornament!
For what more eminent
Country or home, shall I in Grecia name,
Inhabited? No city, wherein fame
Sounds not Erectheus' sons; they who for thee,
Apollo, have built up a gorgeous shrine
In Pytho the divine.
Five victories in Corinth lead me on;
One in Olympia, Jove's, the chief of these;
And two from Cyrrha; yours, O Megacles,

And your forefathers'! At the new success
In part rejoicing, yet for this I mourn;
That beauteous deeds in envy meet return.
'T is said indeed that mortal happiness,
When most it flourisheth, to last, must be
Thus checkered with a strange variety.

Pindar. Tr. H. F. Cary.

ATHENS.

LOOK once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or surburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,

Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing;
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

John Milton.

ATHENS.

OF softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose.
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the laboring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health;
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glowed
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for me, an easy-moved,
A quick, refined, a delicate, humane,

Enlightened people reigned. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Tottered the rash Democracy; unpoised,
And by the rage devoured, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon at last, their mild restorer, rose:
Allayed the tempest; to the calm of laws
Reduced the settling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fixed the driving state.

James Thomson.

ATHENS.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven! — but thou, alas,
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire, —
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone, — glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to glory's goal,

They won, and passed away, — is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, — but molest not yon defenceless urn!
Look on this spot, — a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield, — religions take their turn:
'T was Jove's, — 't is Mahomet's; and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense roars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven, —
Is 't not enough, unhappy thing, to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies!
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling nations mourned around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,

Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demigods appeared, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Lord Byron.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Σώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Σώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Σώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Σώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Lord Byron.

ATHENS.

ATHENS arose: a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zoned winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ATHENS.

Lo, I stand
Here on this brow's crown of the city's head
That crowns its lovely body, till death's hour
Waste it; but now the dew of dawn and birth
Is fresh upon it from thy womb, and we
Behold it born how beauteous; one day more
I see the world's wheel of the circling sun
Roll up rejoicing to regard on earth
This one thing goodliest, fair as heaven or he,
Worth a god's gaze or strife of gods; but now
Would this day's ebb of their spent wave of strife
Sweep it to sea, wash it on wreck, and leave
A costless thing contemned; and in our stead,
Where these walls were and sounding streets of men,
Make wide a waste for tongueless water-herds
And spoil of ravening fishes; that no more
Should men say, Here was Athens.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

ATHENS.

SUN, that hast lightened and loosed by thy might
Ocean and earth from the lordship of night,
Quickening with vision his eye that was veiled,
Freshening the force in her heart that had failed,
That sister fettered and blinded brother
Should have sight by thy grace and delight of each other,
Behold now and see

What profit is given them of thee;
What wrath has enkindled with madness of mind
Her limbs that were bounden, his face that was blind,
To be locked as in wrestle together, and lighten
With fire that shall darken thy fire in the sky,
Body to body and eye against eye
In a war against kind,
Till the bloom of her fields and her high hills whiten
With the foam of his waves more high.
For the sea-marks set to divide of old
The kingdoms to ocean and earth assigned,
The hoar sea-fields from the cornfield's gold,
His wine-bright waves from her vineyards' fold,
Frail forces we find
To bridle the spirit of gods, or bind
Till the heat of their hearts wax cold.
But the peace that was 'stablished between them to stand
Is rent now in twain by the strength of his hand,
Who stirs up the storm of his sons overbold
To pluck from fight what he lost of right,
By council and judgment of gods that spake
And gave great Pallas the strife's fair stake,
The lordship and love of the lovely land,
The grace of the town that hath on it for crown
But a headband to wear
Of violets one-hued with her hair:
For the vales and the green high places of earth
Hold nothing so fair,
And the depths of the sea bear no such birth
Of the manifold births they bear.

Too well, too well was the great stake worth
A strife divine for the gods to judge,
A crowned god's triumph, a foiled god's grudge,
Though the loser be strong and the victress wise
Who played long since for so large a prize,
The fruitful, immortal, anointed, adored,
Dear city of men without master or lord,
Fair fortress and fortress of sons born free,
Who stand in her sight and in thine, O sun,
Slaves of no man, subjects of none;
A wonder enthroned on the hills and sea,
A maiden crowned with a fourfold glory
That none from the pride of her head may rend,
Violet and olive-leaf purple and hoary,
Song-wreath and story the fairest of fame,
Flowers that the winter can blast not or bend;
A light upon earth as the sun's own flame,
A name as his name,
Athens, a praise without end.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

ATHENS.

O LAND of Solon, Plato, and of men
Whose glorious like earth ne'er shall see again!
Thou art not dead, — thy every plain and hill
Sends forth a voice, and teems with spirits still!
What though no more they teach, with valor burn?
Thy sage and warrior breathe from out the urn,
And each lone wreck that moss and ivies bind
Points to bright days, and speaks of godlike mind.

But rock-crowned Athens calls our thoughts away,
There sits she, lovely in her calm decay,
The eye of Greece, Fame's daughter sad and lone,
The queen of Wisdom on her mouldering throne.
How thrill we, entering slow the western gate,
To climb yon mount where mightiest sages sate!
The rostrum, carved from stone, is seen this hour,
Where Eloquence distilled her silver shower.
There on Mars Hill stood Paul with flashing eye,
Like some bright form just lighted from the sky,
Marvelled so blind learned Athens still should be,
Admired but mourned her Pagan brilliancy.

* * *

What lofty columns near Ilissus' stream
Tower o'er each wreck, and glitter in the beam?
Temple of Jove! around thy ruined site
Dogs lurk by day, the owlet hoots by night;
Where kings and heroes wont deep awe to feel,
Not one poor trembler now is found to kneel.
But pass we other scenes, where living men
Have reared their homes, — yes, Athens lives again,
Called from the gloom of strong Oppression's grave,
No more the Moslem's scorn, the tyrant's slave;
Onward the pilgrim wends, and lifts his eyes
Where the proud rock of Cecrops courts the skies,
Bearing the pile, whose beauty well may claim
Homage from taste, and challenge endless fame.

We climb the ancient steep, which chief and sage
Mounted before, through many a changeful age;
Where Cimon blessed the gods that Greece was free,

And Thrasybulus shouted "Victory!" —
From Alpine mountains view the world below,
Towns, waving woods, and streams meandering slow;
Dim is the scene to that which greets thee here,
Prompting to worship, waking rapture's tear.
Yes, rise, fair mount! the bright blue heavens to kiss,
Stoop not thy pride, august Acropolis!
Thy brow still wears its crown of columns gray,
Beauteous in ruin, stately in decay.
Two thousand years o'er earth have spread their pall,
Not yet, thy boast, Minerva's shrine shall fall:
In spite of rapine, fire, and War's red arm,
Enough remains to awe us, and to charm;
Glory and Phidias' shade the relic keep,
Shield as they watch, and strengthen as they weep.
The Doric columns, wrought from fairest stone,
Severe but graceful, round the cella thrown,
The lofty front, the frieze where sculptures shine,
The long, long architrave's majestic line,
Dazzle the eye with beauty's rich excess,
O'erpower the mind by too much loveliness.

* * *

Athens! thou birthplace of the great, the free!
Though bowed thy power, and dimmed thy name may be,
Though old Renown's once dazzling sun hath set,
Fair beams the star of Memory o'er thee yet.
City! where sang the bard, and taught the sage,
Thy shrines may fall, thou ne'er wilt know old age;
Fresh shall thy image glow in every heart,
And but with Time's last hour thy fame depart.

Nicholas Michell.

A VOICE FROM ACADEME.

OVER this azure poplar glade
The sunshine, fainting high above,
Ebbs back from woolly clouds that move
Like browsing lambs and cast no shade;
And straight before me, faintly seen
Through emerald boughs that intervene,
The visible sun turns white and weaves
Long webs of silver through the leaves.
The grassy sward beneath my foot
Is soft as lips of lambs and beeves.
How cool those lilies at the root
Of yonder tree, that dimly dance
Through dews of their own radiance!
Yonder I see the river run,
Half in the shade, half in the sun;
And as I near its rushy brink
The sparkling minnows, where they lie
With silver bellies to the sky,
Flash from me in a shower and sink.
I stand in shadows cool and sweet,
But in the mirror at my feet
The heated azure heavens wink.

All round about this shaded spot,
Whither the sunshine cometh not,
Where all is beautiful repose, —
I know the kindled landskip glows;
And further, flutter golden showers

On proud Athenai white with towers,
And catching from the murmurous sea
(Stained with deep shadows as of flowers,
And darkening down to purple bowers
Through which the sword-fish darts in glee),
A strife that cometh not to me.
For in this place of shade and sound,
Hid from the garish heat around,
I feel like one removed from strain
And fever of the happy brain, —
Where thoughts thrill fiery into pain:
Like one who, in the pleasant shade
The peaceful pulseless dead have made,
Walking in silence, just perceives
The gaudy world from which he went
Subdue itself to his content,
Like that white globe beyond the leaves!

Robert Buchanan.

ACADEME.

PLEASANTER than the hills of Thessaly,
Nearer and dearer to the poet's heart
Than the blue ripple belting Salamis,
Or long grass waving over Marathon,
Fair Academe, most holy Academe,
Thou art, and hast been, and shalt ever be.
I would be numbered now with things that were,
Changing the wasting fever of to-day
For the dear quietness of yesterday:
I would be ashes, underneath the grass,
So I had wandered in thy platane walks

One happy summer twilight, — even one:
Was it not grand and beautiful and rare,
The music and the wisdom and the shade,
The music of the pebble-paven rills,
And olive boughs, and bowered nightingales,
Chorussing joyously the joyous things
Told by the gray Silenus of the grove,
Low-fronted and large-hearted Socrates!
O, to have seen under the olive blossoms
But once, — once only in a mortal life,
The marble majesties of ancient gods!
And to have watched the ring of listeners,
The Grecian boys gone mad for love of truth,
The Grecian girls gone pale for love of him
Who taught the truth, who battled for the truth;
And girls and boys, women and bearded men,
Crowding to hear and treasure in their hearts
Matter to make their lives a happiness,
And death a happy ending.

Edwin Arnold.

THE ACROPOLIS.

BLUE-EYED Athena! what a dream wert thou!
O, what a glory hovered o'er thy shrine, —
Thy hill, where darker error nestles, now!
Yet art thou hallowed, though no more divine!
The worship of all noblest hearts is thine, —
Though the dull Moslem haunts the sacred earth
Where sprung the olive o'er its bower of vine,
And watched above thine own Cecropia's birth!
Truth that should chase such dreams were surely little worth!

For, O, thou art the very purest thought
That fable e'er conceived! and on thy hill, —
Thine own blue hill, where time and Turk have wrought
In vain to break the spell that lingers still, —
The heart that owns a better faith may kneel,
Nor wrong his creed, while bending o'er the sod
Where gods, and men like gods in act and will,
Are made immortal, by the wizard rod
Of him whose every thought aspired to be a god!

Mount of the free, Olympus of the earth!
Fair as a temple, lonely as a tomb!
Shall the dark robber rear his household hearth,
Where fabled gods contended for a home!
Those bright abstractions of a truth to come!
No, by the gift Trazene's monarch gave!
No, by thy withered olive's early bloom!
The sea-god's offering calls upon thy brave,
Mount, and replant the tree, once more, upon the Moslem's grave!

Thomas Kibble Hervey.

ATHENS.

DESOLATE Athens! though thy gods are fled,
Thy temples silent, and thy glory dead,
Though all thou hadst of beautiful and brave
Sleep in the tomb, or moulder in the wave,
Though power and praise forsake thee, and forget,
Desolate Athens, thou art lovely yet!
Around thy walls, in every wood and vale,

Thine own sweet bird, the lonely nightingale,
Still makes her home; and, when the moonlight hour
Flings its soft magic over brake and bower,
Murmurs her sorrows from her ivy shrine,
Or the thick foliage of the deathless vine.
Where erst Megæra chose her fearful crown,
The bright narcissus hangs his clusters down;
And the gay crocus decks with glittering dew
The yellow radiance of his golden hue.
Still thine own olive haunts its native earth,
Green, as when Pallas smiled upon its birth;
And still Cephisus pours his sleepless tide,
So clear and calm, along the meadow side,
That you may gaze long hours upon the stream,
And dream at last the poet's witching dream,
That the sweet Muses in the neighboring bowers
Sweep their wild harps, and wreathe their odorous flowers,
And laughing Venus o'er the level plains
Waves her light lash and shakes her gilded reins.
How terrible is Time! his solemn years,
The tombs of all our hopes and all our fears,
In silent horror roll! the gorgeous throne,
The pillared arch, the monumental stone,
Melt in swift ruin; and of mighty climes,
Where Fame told tales of virtues and of crimes,
Where Wisdom taught, and Valor woke to strife,
And Art's creations breathed their mimic life,
And the young poet when the stars shone high
Drank the deep rapture of the quiet sky,
Naught now remains but Nature's placid scene,

Heaven's deathless blue and earth's eternal green,
The showers that fall on palaces and graves,
The suns that shine for freemen and for slaves:
Science may sleep in ruin, man in shame,
But Nature lives, still lovely, still the same!
The rock, the river, — these have no decay!
The city and its masters, — where are they?
Go forth, and wander through the cold remains
Of fallen statues and of tottering fanes,
Seek the loved haunts of poet and of sage,
The gay palæstra and the gaudy stage!
What signs are there? a solitary stone,
A shattered capital with grass o'ergrown,
A mouldering frieze, half hid in ancient dust,
A thistle springing o'er a nameless bust;
Yet this was Athens! still a holy spell
Breathes in the dome, and wanders in the dell,
And vanished times and wondrous forms appear,
And sudden echoes charm the waking ear:
Decay itself is drest in glory's gloom,
For every hillock is a hero's tomb,
And every breeze to Fancy's slumber brings
The mighty rushing of a spirit's wings.
O yes! where glory such as thine hath been,
Wisdom and Sorrow linger round the scene;
And where the hues of faded splendor sleep,
Age kneels to moralize, and Youth to weep!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

MARS HILL.

HERE, where wild Fancy wondrous fictions drew,
And knelt to worship, till she thought them true,
Here, in the paths which beauteous Error trod,
The great Apostle preached the Unknown God!

Silent the crowd were hushed; for his the eye
Which power controls not, sin cannot defy;
His the tall stature, and the lifted hand,
And the fixed countenance of grave command;
And his the voice which, heard but once, will sink
So deep into the hearts of those that think,
That they may live till years and years are gone,
And never lose one echo of its tone.
Yet when the voice had ceased, a clamor rose,
And mingled tumult rang from friends and foes;
The threat was muttered, and the galling gibe,
By each pale sophist and his paltry tribe;
The haughty stoic passed in gloomy state,
The heartless cynic scowled his grovelling hate,
And the soft garden's rose-encircled child
Smiled unbelief, and shuddered as he smiled.

Tranquil he stood; for he had heard,—could hear
Blame and reproach with an untroubled ear;
O'er his broad forehead visibly were wrought
The dark deep lines of courage and of thought;
And if the color from his cheek was fled,
Its paleness spoke no passion and no dread.
The meek endurance and the steadfast will,
The patient nerve, that suffers and is still,

The humble faith, that bends to meet the rod,
And the strong hope, that turns from man to God,—
All these were his; and his firm heart was set,
And knew the hour must come,—but was not yet.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

A DAISY FROM THE PARTHENON.

FIELD-DAISIES spreading lavish as the light,
How loved they are of all who paint and sing!
Yet dearer far are they unto my sight
Now that I know the precincts whence they spring.

This very one looked from the Parthenon;
O simple flower! what splendid fate was thine!
Now the Greek glory is about thee thrown,
And oldest archives seem thy leaves to line.

For me hereafter shall the daisies hold
Hints of the Virgin's Temple in their face;
Of fabled Phidian wonders, white and gold,
Shall Fancy mind me in each common place.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE PARTHENON.

THIS rock was once the seat of pomp and power;
Here rest the chiefs of olden time,
And here the orator sublime
Shed on their willing ears his golden shower.

Here stood their temple in its beauty's blaze,
When like a thing of light it rose,
And proudly on their dazzled foes
So brightly beamed, it quelled their daring gaze.

Here stood Minerva with her guardian shield,
And from her threatening lance
Shot such a lightning glance,
None dared to try the heaven-protected field.

Here genius, glory, piety, were shrined,
And hence that spirit flew,
Whose wing has hurried through
The darkened world, and fired the inglorious mind.

James Gates Percival.

INCOGNITA.

IN THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS.

AT Athens dwells the woman who hath bound
My spirit with a spell, and made me hers
Long as the warm blood pulses through my veins.
Where stands the fane of Theseus, there she dwells,
Within the shadow of Minerva's shrine.
The cavern dungeon where old Socrates
The hemlock drank; the azure-vaulted Pnyx
Where great Demosthenes the state controlled
With matchless eloquence, are near the spot
Wherein she dwells, while circling round her rise
Her native mountains, smit with roseate gleams.

Between them, gray old olive groves and wealth
Of crimson flowers upon the storied plain,
Whose rocky bourne is silvered by the foam
Of the sapphire sea, lit by the islemen's sails.
And there she dwells of whom I speak, amid
The glories of her native land, how fair.
While seasons change, her beauty changes not;
The fleeting years go on, but still abides
Her power to charm and steal the hearts of men.
Two thousand years have June's soft zephyrs breathed
The rose's perfume on that noble brow,
Two thousand years Hymettus' bees have hummed
To her the blooming of the almond buds,
And still her features wear exquisite grace,
A tenderness ineffable, a smile
So beautiful, that from the first my soul
Was strangely moved, and to myself I thought,
O that those eyes could but return my gaze,
That round my neck those perfect arms would twine.
That I might gather kisses from those lips,
And hear her warble love's delicious strains.
And thus I stood and mused upon her face,
Stirred by a futile longing, while she wove
The subtle thrall that made me hers forever.

Seymour Green Wheeler Benjamin.

Aulis.

IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said,
"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the goddess spake. Old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympos?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropped down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
"O father! say'st thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer: then with sighs,
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed

Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone—"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice.
"O father! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them; and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried,
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."

Walter Savage Landor.

Calydon.

THE BOAR-HUNT.

THESE having halted bade blow horns, and rode
Through woods and waste lands cleft by stormy streams,
Past yew-trees and the heavy hair of pines,
And where the dew is thickest under oaks,
This way and that; but questing up and down
They saw no trail nor scented; and one said,
Plexippus, Help, or help not, Artemis,
And we will flay thy boarskin with male hands;
But, saying, he ceased and said not that he would,
Seeing where the green ooze of a sun-struck marsh
Shook with a thousand reeds untunable,
And in their moist and multitudinous flower
Slept no soft sleep, with violent visions fed,
The blind bulk of the immeasurable beast.
And, seeing, he shuddered with sharp lust of praise
Through all his limbs, and launched a double dart,
And missed; for much desire divided him,
Too hot of spirit and feebler than his will,
That his hand failed, though fervent; and the shaft,
Sundering the rushes, in a tamarisk stem
Shook, and stuck fast; then all abode save one,
The Arcadian Atalanta; from her side
Sprang her hounds, laboring at the leash, and slipped,
And plashed ear-deep with plunging feet; but she,

Saying, Speed it as I send it for thy sake,
Goddess, drew bow and loosed; the sudden string
Rang, and sprang inward, and the waterish air
Hissed, and the moist plumes of the songless reeds
Moved as a wave which the wind moves no more.
But the boar heaved half out of ooze and slime
His tense flank trembling round the barbéd wound,
Hateful; and fiery with invasive eyes
And bristling with intolerable hair
Plunged, and the hounds clung, and green flowers and white
Reddened and broke all round them where they came.
And charging with sheer tusk he drove, and smote
Hyleus; and sharp death caught his sudden soul,
And violent sleep shed night upon his eyes.
Then Peleus, with strong strain of hand and heart,
Shot; but the sidelong arrow slid, and slew
His comrade born and loving countryman,
Under the left arm smitten, as he no less
Poised a like arrow; and bright blood break afoam,
And falling, and weighed back by clamorous arms,
Sharp rang the dead limbs of Eurytion.
Then one shot happier, the Cadmean seer,
Amphiaraus; for his sacred shaft
Pierced the red circlet of one ravening eye
Beneath the brute brows of the sanguine boar,
Now bloodier from one slain; but he so galled
Sprang straight, and rearing cried no lesser cry
Than thunder and the roar of wintering streams
That mix their own foam with the yellower sea;
And as a tower that falls by fire in fight

With ruin of walls and all its archery,
And breaks the iron flower of war beneath,
Crushing charred limbs and molten arms of men;
So through crushed branches and the reddening brake
Clamored and crashed the fervor of his feet,
And trampled, springing sideways from the tusk,
Too tardy a moving mould of heavy strength,
Ancæus; and as flakes of weak-winged snow
Break, all the hard thews of his heaving limbs
Broke, and rent flesh fell every way, and blood
Flew, and fierce fragments of no more a man.
Then all the heroes drew sharp breath, and gazed,
And smote not; but Meleager, but thy son,
Right in the wild way of the coming curse
Rock-rooted, fair with fierce and fastened lips,
Clear eyes, and springing muscle and shortening limb,—
With chin aslant indrawn to a tightening throat,
Grave, and with gathered sinews, like a god,—
Aimed on the left side his well-handled spear
Grasped where the ash was knottiest hewn, and smote,
And with no missile wound, the monstrous boar
Right in the hairiest hollow of his hide
Under the last rib, sheer through bulk and bone,
Deep in; and deeply smitten, and to death,
The heavy horror with his hanging shafts
Leapt, and fell furiously, and from raging lips
Foamed out the latest wrath of all his life.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Castri (Delphi).

THE VIEW FROM CASTRI.

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants here,
Where now gray stones and moss-grown columns lie;
There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers nigh;
There have been voices, through the sunny sky,
And the pine woods, their choral hymn-notes sending,
And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,
With incense-clouds around the temple blending,
And throngs, with laurel-boughs, before the altar bending;

There have been treasures of the seas and isles
Brought to the day-god's now forsaken throne;
Thunders have pealed along the rock-defiles,
When the far-echoing battle-horn made known
That foes were on their way!—the deep-wind's moan
Hath chilled the invader's heart with secret fear,
And from the Sibyl-grottos, wild and lone,
Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,
From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk!—but thou unchanged art there!
Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams!

Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
With thy dark-waving pines, and flashing streams,
And all thy founts of song! their bright course teems
With inspiration yet; and each dim haze,
Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems
As with its mantle, veiling from our gaze
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days!

Away, vain fantasies!—doth less of power
Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,
Though, in deep stillness now, the ruin's flower
Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy breast?
Lift through the free blue heavens thine arrowy crest!
Let the great rocks their solitude regain!
No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest
With their full chords: but silent be the strain!
Thou hast a mightier voice to speak the Eternal's reign!

Felicia Hemans.

Colonos, the Hill.

COLONOS.

ŒDIPUS.

WHERE are we now, my dear Antigone?
Know'st thou the place? Will any here afford
Their scanty alms to a poor wanderer,
The banished Œdipus? I ask not much,

Yet less receive; but I am satisfied:
Long time hath made my woes familiar to me,
And I have learned to bear calamity.
But tell me, daughter, if thou seest a place,
Or sacred or profane, where I may rest,
There set me down, from some inhabitant
A chance but we may learn where now we are,
And act, so strangers ought, as he directs us.

ANTIGONE.

O Œdipus! my poor, unhappy father!
Far as my eyes can reach, I see a city
With lofty turrets crowned, and, if I err not,
This place is sacred, by the laurel shade
Olive and vine thick planted, and the songs
Of nightingales sweet-warbling through the grove;
Here set thee down, and rest thy wearied limbs
On this rude stone; 'tis a long way for age
Like thine to travel.

* * *

ATHENIAN.

I'll tell thee what I know.
This place is sacred all: great Neptune here
Presides, and he who bears the living fire,
Titan Prometheus; where thou tread'st is called
The brazen way, the bulwark of our state:
From this equestrian hill, their safest guard,
The neighboring villagers their general name
Derive, thence called Colonians all.

Sophocles. Tr. T. Francklin.

CHORUS IN ŒDIPUS.

STRANGER, here thy wanderings end,—
White Colonus welcomes thee;
Darling of this knightly land,
Fairest spot of earth to see.
Here, the leafy nooks among,
Warbles oft the nightingale;
Softly sounds her plaintive song,
From the wine-dark ivied dale,
Or from out yon hallowed wood,
Pure of haunting feet profane;
Where nor storms nor heats intrude,
Where mid fruits of richest grain,
Oft the revelling god of wine
Paces with his rout divine.

Here, the dew of heaven beneath,
The narcissus, clustering fair,
Twines for mightiest powers a wreath;
Here the crocus-blossoms glare
With a golden shine; and here,
Gushing from Cephisus' streams,
Joyous waters, pure and clear,
Flash about in silver gleams:
So that o'er the laughing plains
Sleepless fountains, quick of birth,
Wanton, offspring of the rains,
Welling from the breast of earth.

Here the Muses oft are seen,
And the golden-reinéd queen.

Here, unknown to Asia's land,
Or old Pelops' ancient seat,—
Terror of a hostile brand,
Unsubdued and self-create,—
Doth the soft green olive flower;
Sacred to the nascent birth,
Youth's array and age's power,
Fail to wrest it from our earth;
Aye may Morian Zeus defend it,
And the blue-eyed Pallas tend it!

Yet once more my voice I raise,
'T is my country's right divine,
To control the courser's ways,
And the bark upon the brine:
Laud we then Poseidon's name,
Queller of the bitted steed,—
Laud we him, from whom it came
That our strong-oared galleys speed,
Flashing o'er the surging sea
With the nereid company!

Sophocles. Tr. Anon.

Corfu, the Island.

THE HOUSE OF ALCINOÜS.

THE blue-eyed Pallas, having spoken thus,
Departed o'er the barren deep. She left
The pleasant isle of Scheria, and repaired
To Marathon and to the spacious streets
Of Athens, entering there the massive halls
Where dwelt Erectheus, while Ulysses toward
The gorgeous palace of Alcinoüs turned
His steps, yet stopped and pondered ere he crossed
The threshold. For on every side beneath
The lofty roof of that magnanimous king
A glory shone as of the sun or moon.
There from the threshold, on each side, were walls
Of brass that led towards the inner rooms,
With blue steel cornices. The doors within
The massive building were of gold, and posts
Of silver on the brazen threshold stood,
And silver was the lintel, and above
Its architrave was gold; and on each side
Stood gold and silver mastiffs, the rare work
Of Vulcan's practised skill, placed there to guard
The house of great Alcinoüs, and endowed
With deathless life, that knows no touch of age.
Along the walls within, on either side,
And from the threshold to the inner rooms,
Were firmly planted thrones on which were laid

Delicate mantles, woven by the hands
Of women. The Phæacian princes here
Were seated; here they ate and drank, and held
Perpetual banquet. Slender forms of boys
In gold upon the shapely altars stood,
With blazing torches in their hands to light
At eve the palace guests; while fifty maids
Waited within the halls, where some in querns
Ground small the yellow grain; some wove the web
Or twirled the spindle, sitting, with a quick
Light motion, like the aspen's glancing leaves.
The well-wrought tissues glistened as with oil.
As far as the Phæacian race excel
In guiding their swift galleys o'er the deep,
So far the women in their woven work
Surpass all others. Pallas gives them skill
In handiwork and beautiful design.
Without the palace-court, and near the gate,
A spacious garden of four acres lay.
A hedge enclosed it round, and lofty trees
Flourished in generous growth within, — the pear
And the pomegranate, and the apple-tree
With its fair fruitage, and the luscious fig
And olive always green. The fruit they bear
Falls not, nor ever fails in winter time
Nor summer, but is yielded all the year.
The ever-blowing west-wind causes some
To swell and some to ripen; pear succeeds
To pear; to apple apple, grape to grape,
Fig ripens after fig. A fruitful field
Of vines was planted near; in part it lay

Open and basking in the sun, which dried
The soil, and here men gathered in the grapes,
And there they trod the wine-press. Farther on
Were grapes unripened yet, which just had cast
The flower, and others still which just began
To redden. At the garden's furthest bound
Were beds of many plants that all the year
Bore flowers. There gushed two fountains: one of them
Ran wandering through the field; the other flowed
Beneath the threshold to the palace-court,
And all the people filled their vessels there.
Such were the blessings which the gracious gods
Bestowed on King Alcinoüs and his house.

Homer. Tr. W. C. Bryant.

A NIGHT AT CORFU.

A HOARY gleam through boughs prevailing
Tells me how near the ocean lies,
Here caged in many a waveless lake
By cypressed ridge and shadowy brake:
Far off the nightingale is wailing:
More near the watery grot replies.

The forest growths are rocked and dandled
By airs with midnight odors faint,
Soft, separate airs, o'er feathered grass
That pass me often and repass,
Like naked feet of nymphs unsandalled
That tread each lawn and alley quaint.

No voice is heard of mortal creature!
No voice, — yet I am not alone:
Nausicaa and her virgin train
Still haunt the woodland, skirt the main,
And deck for me with human feature
Each glimmering branch and white-browed stone.

When with those maids the exile sported
The fireflies lit, as now, the glen:
That rose its blush to-day which gave
And bosom to the aspiring wave,
Descends from one old Ocean courted,
On the same cliff it may be, then!

I see not now those hills whose summits
In August keep their ermined robes;
But feel their freshness, know that round
They gird the steely gulfs profound
With feet that mock the seamen's plummets,
And foreheads crowned with starry globes.

But see! vast beams divide the heaven;
The orange-groves their blossoms show;
Over yon kindling deep the Moon
Will lash her snowy coursers soon:
Now, by her brow the east is riven!
And now the west returns the glow!

Aubrey de Vere.

CORFU.

NOW doth not summer's sunny smile
Sink soft o'er that Ionian isle,
While round the kindling waters sweep
The murmured music of the deep,
The many melodies that swell
From breaking wave and red-lipped shell?
Love mine! how sweet it were to leave
This weary world of ours behind,
And borrow from the blushing eve
The wild wings of the wandering wind.
Would we not flee away and find
Some lonely cave beside the shore?
One where a nereid dwelt of yore,
And sheltered in its glistening bowers
A love almost as fond as ours?
A diamond spar incrusts the walls,
A rainbow light from crystal falls;
And musical amid the gloom,
A fountain's silvery showers illume
The further darkness, as with ray
And song it finds its sparkling way.
A natural lute and lamp, — a tone,
A light, to wilder waves unknown.
The cave is curtained with the vine,
And inside wandering branches twine,
While from the large green leaves escape
The blooming clusters of the grape;
Fruit with such hyacinthine glow

As southern sunbeams only know.
We will not leave it till the moon
Lulls with her languid look the sea;
Sleep, shadow, silence for the noon;
But midnight, love, to wake with thee,
When the sweet myrtle-trees exhale
The odors of their blossoms pale,
And dim and purple colors steep
Those blossoms in their perfumed sleep;
Where closed are the cicala's wings,
And no leaf stirs, nor wild bird sings,
Lulled by the dusk air warm and sweet;
Then, kneeling, dearest, at thy feet,
Thy face the only sight I see,
Thy voice the only sound I hear,
While midnight's moonlit mystery
Seems the full heart's enchanted sphere,
Then should thy own low whisper tell
Those ancient songs thou lovest so well;
Tales of old battles which are known
To me but from thy lip alone;
Dearer than if the bard again
Could sound his own imperial strain.
Ah, folly! of such dreaming hours
That are not, that may not be ours.
Farewell! thou far Ionian isle
That lighted for my love awhile
A sweet enchantment formed to fade;
Of darker days my life is made;
Imbittering my reality
With dreams of all that may not be.

Such fairy fancies when they part
But leave behind a withered heart;
Dreaming o'er all it hath not known;
Alas! and is such heart mine own?

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Corinth.

RUINS OF CORINTH.

WHERE are thy splendors, Dorian Corinth? Where
Thy crested turrets, thy ancestral goods,
The temple of the blest, the dwellings of the fair,
The high-born dames, the myriad multitudes?
There 's not a trace of thee, sad doomed one, left;
By ravening war at once of all bereft.
We, the sad nereids, offspring of the surge,
Alone are spared to chant the halcyon's dirge.

Antipater of Sidon. Tr. Anon.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF CORINTH.

ACHÆAN Acrocorinth, the bright star
Of Hellas with its narrow Isthmian bound,
Lucius o'ercame; in one enormous mound
Piling the dead, conspicuous from afar.
Thus, to the Greeks denying funeral fires,
Have great Æneas' later progeny
Performed high Jove's retributive decree,
And well avenged the city of their sires.

Polystratus. Tr. J. H. Merivale.

AT CORINTH.

ON a tribunal raised, Flaminius sat:
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierced
Of iron-coated Macedon; and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repelled,
In the high thoughtless gayety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possessed; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald: "To the states of Greece
The Roman people, unconfined, restore
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."
The crowd, astonished half, and half informed,
Stared dubious round; some questioned, some exclaimed
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy), "Be that again,
Be that again proclaimed, distinct and loud."
Loud and distinct it was again proclaimed;
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devoured.
Awhile severe amazement holds them mute,
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellowed to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook,
And, from the void above of shattered air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.

Mixed in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strained a slave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.

James Thomson.

CORINTH.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A ROMAN master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the concourse of the Isthmian games
He, by his herald's voice, aloud proclaims
"The liberty of Greece"; the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
A melancholy echo of that noise
Doth sometimes hang on musing Fancy's ear;
Ah! that a conqueror's words should be so dear;
Ah! that a boon should shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.

William Wordsworth.

CORINTH.

MANY a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands

A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fallen, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below:
Or could the bones of all the slain
Who perished there be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capped Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

Lord Byron.

TO CORINTH.

QUEEN of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,

Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Show but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away, — the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises.
But, O queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were uttered, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes.
"Stay! spare him! save the last!
Medea! — is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet! —
I will invoke the Eumenides no more.
I will forgive thee, — bless thee, — bend to thee
In all thy wishes, — do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives."
"And shall I too deceive?"
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend
Two breathless bodies, — warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him, — such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flushed with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were, — doomed to show
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarred

Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
A nobler work remains: thy citadel
Invites all Greece; o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
Confide then in thy strength, and unappalled
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing, where their herdsmen goad them on;
Instinct is sharp in them, and terror true, —
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

Walter Savage Landor.

CORINTH.

VENICE of classic times! where dance and song
And vine-crowned Bacchus chased the hours along,
And young and old but lived for present joy,
No thought of gloom their raptures to alloy.

* * *

Now, as we walk where flowers of every bloom
Once made the land a garden of perfume,
And countless lyres, each sweet entrancing night,
Swelled from love's temple gleaming on the height,
We find but choking thorns, and grass that waves
On shattered walls and long-forgotten graves.
Where now, high peak, that tower'st in barren pride,

The pillared fanes which once adorned thy side?
Where the bronze statues glittering in the sun,
Telling of deeds by Isthmian conquerors done?
Ay, Paul denounced, and Mummius wrapped in flame,
The cup was full, the bolt of ruin came,
Mirth spread its wings, the sister Graces fled,
And Corinth bowed in death her beauteous head.

Nicholas Michell.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

WHEN chariot-race and feast and song
Bade sons of Greece in joyful throng
To Corinth's narrow isthmus wend,
Old Ibycus, of gods the friend,
Filled with Apollo's sacred fire,
Sweet master of the immortal lay,
With trusty staff and tuneful lyre,
From Rhegium took his wonted way.

Already, from its distant height
The Acropolis greets the wanderer's sight,
And with awed step and reverent brow
He enters Neptune's pine-grove now.
Naught stirs around him, save a throng
Of friendly cranes that southward fly;
To warmer climes they wheel along
In darkening squadrons through the sky.

"Thanks, friendly bands! thrice blest be ye,
My fellow-wanderers to the sea!

I read in you a favoring sign;
For, lo! your destiny is mine.
From distant climes long way we come,
And seek a kindly shelter here;
Soon may the stranger find a home
His head to shield, his heart to cheer!"

With lighter heart and tread more gay
On through the woods he speeds his way;
When, lo! before his startled eyes,
From ambush close two murderers rise.
Now he must meet the fight alone;
But soon he faints before the foe;
His hand the sweet-stringed lyre hath known,
But never bent the stubborn bow.

He calls on men; to heaven he cries;
There comes no help from earth or skies;
Far as his voice can reach appears
No living thing, — no sound he hears.
"And must I here forsaken die?
Die, all unwept, in foreign land,
And sink, where no avenger's nigh,
Beneath the murderer's barbarous hand?"

Wounded and spent, he sinks to die;
When, lo! with rustling wings on high,
He hears — for he can see no more —
The cawing cranes fly thickly o'er.
"Ye cranes, that sweep through upper air,
Though hushed be every human breath,

The tidings of my murder bear,"
He cried, and closed his lips in death.

Erelong the naked corpse is found;
And soon, though marred by many a wound,
His Corinth kinsman well can trace
The features of that long-loved face.
"And is it thus I find thee now, —
I, that had fondly hoped to twine
Around thy glory-gilded brow
The garland of triumphal pine?"

And all the guests, from far and near,
With sinking heart the tidings hear;
Through wide-spread Greece the pang is borne;
From every soul a friend is torn.
Tumultuous to the judgment hall
The people pour in one wide flood;
For vengeance, vengeance loud they call;
They murmur for the murderer's blood.

But how, amid the billowy throng,
That rolls through Corinth's streets along
To feast and song and chariot-race, —
How the dark murderer shall we trace?
Say, was the horrid outrage done
By cowardly robber, jealous foe?
None knoweth, save the eternal Sun,
Whose eye surveys all things below.

Haply he walks abroad e'en now
In the great crowd with brazen brow,

And where the blood of vengeance boils,
Bears round with him his guilty spoils.
Perchance e'en at their temple's door,
Scorning the gods, he may be found,
Or mingling with the crowds that pour
To swell the theatre's ample bound.

For there, close crowded row on row,
Till the vast pillars groan below,
Borne thitherward from far and near,
The multitudes of Greece appear.
Wild murmuring, like the billowy deep,
Rank above rank, the nations rise,
In wider, loftier circles sweep,
And soar into the broad blue skies.

Who can recount, what tongue can name,
The tribes of guests that hither came?
From Theseus' city, Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, from the Spartan land,
From all the islands, far and near,
From Asia's distant shores they throng,
And bend down o'er the stage, to hear
The chorus chant their awful song.

Forth came, with slow and measured tread,
The ancient chorus, solemn, dread,
And through the theatre's ample bound
Stately they took their wonted round.
Not thus do mortal women move!
No human dwelling gave these birth!

Their giant bodies tower above
The loftiest breathing forms of earth.

Black mantles round their loins they wear,
And in their skinny hands they bear
Torches of ruddy, ghastly glow;
And in their cheeks no blood doth flow;
And where o'er human brows the hair
In peaceful ringlets loves to bend,
Fell hissing asps and adders there
Their poisonous, bloated forms extend.

These, gliding round with awful tread,
Begin the hymn, whose tones so dread
Run with a chill through mortal veins,
And round the sinner weave dark chains.
In tones that every sense confound,
The Furies' dismal chorus rings,
Curdling each hearer's blood with sound
That scorns the lyre's majestic strings.

"Well, well with him, who, free from sin,
A child's pure spirit bears within!
From him the avenging demons flee;
He treads life's pathway fearlessly.
But woe to him whose heart conceals
The murderous deed from mortal sight;
We follow hard upon his heels,
Dread children of the gloomy night.

"Dreams he by flight to escape our wrath,
Swift-pinioned we pursue his path,

With snaky coil his feet surround,
And bind him trembling to the ground.
Thus we pursue him, dark and dread, —
Not e'en remorse can yield him peace, —
Down to the regions of the dead,
Nor there, e'en there his soul release."

So sing they, dancing round and round,
And through the theatre's ample bound
A deathlike stillness holds the air,
As though a deity were there.
Once more the chorus, solemn, dread,
Through the vast theatre glide around;
They pass with slow and measured tread,
And vanish in the depths profound.

And now all hearts are heard to beat,
Fluttering 'twixt truth and dark deceit,
Awed by the sense of that dread might,
Which, veiled in everlasting night,
Bids destiny's stern wheels move round,
As the swift moments glide away,
Is felt in the heart's depths profound,
But flees before the light of day.

When all at once, far up on high,
Is heard a wild and startled cry:
"See there! see there, Timotheus!
The cranes! the cranes of Ibycus!" —
And, lo! a gloom o'erspreads the sky,
And, hovering o'er that mighty throng,

A swarm of cranes, thick rustling by,
In darkening squadrons wheel along.

"Of Ibycus!" — That precious name
Wakes in each heart sad memory's flame,
And swift, as deep to deep replies,
From mouth to mouth the question flies:
"Of Ibycus, our dear lost friend,
By bloody murderer's hand laid low?
And what of him may this portend?
This flight of cranes, what may it show?"

And louder now the questions rise,
And, lightning-like, the omen flies
Through every heart. "Give ear, give ear!
The Furies' power is witnessed here!
The prayers of vengeance now are heard;
The murderer has his guilt confessed;
Hold fast the man who spoke that word,
And him to whom it was addressed."

But he, whose lips that word had passed, —
Ah, fain would he yet hold it fast:
In vain; those lips, with terror pale,
Tell to each eye their guilty tale.
Trembling before the judge they stand;
The stage is now a judgment throne,
And, struck by Heaven's avenging hand,
Their horrid crime the murderers own.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

CORINTH.

ON LEAVING GREECE.

I STOOD upon that great Acropolis,
The turret-gate of Nature's citadel,
Where once again, from slavery's thick abyss
Strangely delivered, Grecian warriors dwell.
I watched the bosom of Parnassus swell,
I traced Eleusis, Athens, Salamis,
And that rude fane below, which lives to tell
Where reigned the city of luxurious bliss.
Within the maze of great antiquity
My spirit wandered tremblingly along;
As one who with rapt ears to a wild song
Hearkens some while, then knows not whether he
Has comprehended all its melody,
So in that parting hour was it with Greece and me.

Lord Houghton.

Delos, the Island.

DELOS.

O WHEN, my soul, wilt thou resound the praise
Of Delos, nurse to Phœbus' infant days,
Or of the Cyclades? Most sacred these
Of isles, that rise amid surrounding seas;
And fame and hymns divine to them belong:

But Delos chief demands the Muse's song;
For there the god who leads the vocal train
Was swathed around; and on the Delian plain
His infant limbs were washed: the sacred lay
Triumphant rose to hail the God of day.
As who forgets Pimplea, the divine,
Is soon forsaken by the tuneful Nine;
Thus on the bard, neglecting Cynthus' shores,
Avenging Phœbus all his fury pours:
To Delos then let votive lays belong,
And Cynthian Phœbus will approve my song.
Though beat by billows, and though vexed with storms,
The sacred isle its deep foundations forms
Unshook by winds, uninjured by the deep.
High o'er the waves appears the Cynthian steep;
And from the flood the sea-mew bends his course
O'er cliffs impervious to the swiftest horse:
Around the rocks the Icarian surges roar,
Collect new foam, and whiten all the shore
Beneath the lonely caves, and breezy plain
Where fishers dwelt of old above the main.
No wonder Delos, first in rank, is placed
Amid the sister isles on ocean's breast.

Callimachus. Tr. H. W. Tytler.

DELOS.

AMID the sea there lies a lovely isle,
Sacred to Doris, mother of the nymphs
Of ocean, and Ægean Neptune. This,
Once floating round the shores, Apollo bound

Fast to Gyaros and to Myconos,
And bade it stay unmoved, and scorn the winds.
Hither I sail. This pleasant isle receives
Within its port the weary voyagers.
Landing, we hail with praise Apollo's seat.
King Anius, Phœbus' priest and king in one,
His temples bound with fillets and with bays,
Meets us, and knows Anchises his old friend.
Then hands are grasped, with hospitable cheer,
Under his roof.

Virgil. Tr. C. P. Cranch.

DELOS.

THOUGH Syria's rock was passed at morn,
The wind so faintly arched the sail,
That ere to Delos we were borne,
The autumn day began to fail,
And only in Diana's smiles
We reached the bay between the isles.

In sweet serenity of force
She ruled the heavens without a star, —
A sacred image that the course
Of time and thought can hardly mar, —
As dear and nearly as divine
As ever in Ephesian shrine.

I knew that on the spot I trod
Her glorious twins Latona bore,
That for her sake the pitying God
Had fixed the isle afloat before;

And, fearful of his just disdain,
I almost felt it move again.

For the delicious light that threw
Such clear transparence on the wave,
From the black mastick-bushes drew
Column and frieze and architrave,
Like rocks, which, native to the place,
Had something of mysterious grace.

"Strong was the power of art to bid
Arise such beauty out of stone,
Yet Paros might as well have hid
Its wealth within its breast unknown,
As for brute Nature to regain
The fragments of the fallen fane.

"Who can rebuild these colonnades
Where met the ancient festal host,
The peasant from Arcadia's glades,
The merchant from Ionia's coast,
Gladdening their Grecian blood to stand
On one religious Fatherland?"

So in my angry discontent
I cried, but calmer thoughts came on,
And gratitude with sorrow blent,
And murmur turned to orison:
I thanked the gods for what had been,
And Nature for the present scene.

I felt that while in Greece remained
Signs of that old heroic show,

Hope, Memory's sister, so sustained,
Would sink not altogether low,
And Grecian hearts once more might be
Combined in powerful amity.

Long ere the sun's most curious ray
Had touched the morning's zone of pearl,
I and my boat were far away,
Raised on the water's freshening curl;
And barely 'twixt the rose and blue
The island's rim was still in view.

So Delos rests upon my mind,
A perfect vision of the night,
A picture by moon-rays designed,
And shaded into black and bright,—
A true idea borne away,
Untroubled by the dreamless day.

Lord Houghton.

Delphi (Castri).

DELPHI.

BENEATH the vintage moon's uncertain light,
And some faint stars that pierced the film of cloud,
Stood those Parnassian peaks before my sight,
Whose fame throughout the ancient world was loud.

Still could I dimly trace the terraced lines
Diverging from the cliffs on either side;

A theatre whose steps were filled with shrines
And rich devices of Hellenic pride;

Though brightest daylight would have lit in vain
The place whence gods and worshippers had fled;
Only, and they too tenantless, remain
The hallowed chambers of the pious dead.

Yet those wise architects an ample part
To Nature gave in their religious shows,
And thus, amid the sepultures of art,
Still rise the Rocks and still the Fountain flows.

Desolate Delphi! pure Castalian spring!
Hear me avow that I am not as they,
Who deem that all about you ministering
Were base impostors, and mankind their prey:

That the high names they seemed to love and laud
Were but the tools their paltry trade to ply;
This pomp of Faith a mere gigantic fraud,
The apparatus of a mighty lie!

Let those that will believe it; I, for one,
Cannot thus read the history of my kind;
Remembering all this little Greece has done
To raise the universal human mind:

I know that hierarchs of that wondrous race,
By their own faith alone, could keep alive
Mysterious rites and sanctity of place, —
Believing in whate'er they might contrive.

It may be that these influences, combined
With such rare nature as the priestess bore,
Brought to the surface of her stormy mind
Distracted fragments of prophetic lore;

For, howsoe'er to mortals' probing view
Creation is revealed, yet must we pause,
Weak to dissect the futile from the true,
Where'er imagination spreads her laws.

So now that dimmer grows the watery light,
And things each moment more fantastic seem,
I fain would seek if still the gods have might
Over the undissembling world of dream:

I ask not that for me aside be cast
The solemn veil that hides what is decreed;
I crave the resurrection of the past,
That I may know what Delphi was indeed!

Lord Houghton.

THE TOMB OF LAIUS.

WHERE Delphi's consecrated pass
Bœotia's misty region faces,
Rises a tomb-like stony mass
Amid the bosky mountain-bases;
It seems no work of human care,
But many rocks split off from one:
Laius, the Theban king, lies there, —
His murderer Œdipus, his son.

No pilgrim to the Pythian shrine
But marked the spot with decent awe,
In presence of a power divine,
O'erruling human will and law:
And to some thoughtful hearts that scene, —
Those paths, that mound, those browsing herds,
Were more than e'er that tale had been,
Arrayed in Sophoclean words.

So is it yet, — no time or space
That ancient anguish can assuage,
For sorrow is of every race,
And suffering due from every age;
That awful legend falls to us,
With all the weight that Greece could feel,
And every man is Œdipus,
Whose wounds no mortal skill can heal.

O, call it Providence or fate,
The Sphinx propounds the riddle still,
That man must bear and expiate
Loads of involuntary ill:
So shall endurance ever hold
The foremost rank mid human needs,
Not without faith that God can mould
To good the dross of evil deeds.

Lord Houghton.

DELPHI.

I HAVE seen Delphi: I no more shall see it:
I go contented, having seen it once;
Yet here awhile remain, prisoner well-pleased
Of reboant winds. Within this mountain cove
Their sound alone finds entrance. Lightly the waves,
Rolled from the outer to the inner bay,
Dance in blue silver o'er the silver sands;
While, like a chain-bound antelope by some child
Mocked oft with tempting hand and fruit upheld,
Our quick caique vaults up among the reeds,
The ripples that plunge past it upward sending
O'er the gray margin matted with sea-pink
Ripplings of light. The moon is veiled; a mile
Below the mountain's eastern range it hangs:
Yon gleam is but its reflex, from white clouds
Scattered along Parnassian peaks of snow.

I see but waves and snows. Memory alone
Fruition hath of what this morn was mine:
O'er many a beauteous scene at once she broods,
And feeds on joys without confusion blent
Like mingling sounds or odors. Now she rests
On that serene expanse (the confluence
Of three long vales) in sweetness upward heaved,
Ample and rich as Juno's breast what time
The Thunderer's breath in sleep moves over it:
Bathes in those runnels now, that raced in light

This morn as at some festival of streams,
Through arbutus and ilex, wafting each
Upon its glassy track a several breeze,
Each with its tale of joy or playful sadness.
Fair nymphs, by great Apollo's fall untouched!
Sing, sing forever! When did golden Phœbus
Look sad one moment for a fair nymph's fall?

A still, black glen; below, a stream-like copse
Of hoary olives; rocks like walls beside,
Never by Centaur trod, though these fresh gales
Give man the Centaur's strength. Again I mount,
From cliff to cliff, from height to height ascend;
Glitters Castalia's Fount; I see, I touch it!
That rift once more I reach, the oracular seat,
Whose arching rocks half meet in air suspense;
'Twixt them is one blue streak of heaven; hard by
Dim temples hollowed in the stone, for rites
Mysterious shaped, or mansions of the dead:
Released, I turn, and see, far, far below,
A vale so rich in floral garniture,
And perfume from the orange and the sea,
So girt with white peaks flashing from sky chasms,
So lighted with the vast blue dome of heaven,
So lulled with music from the winds and waves,
The guest of Phœbus claps his hands and shouts,
"There is but one such spot; from heaven Apollo
Beheld; and chose it for his earthly shrine!"

Aubrey de Vere.

THE STORM OF DELPHI.

FAR through the Delphian shades
An Eastern trumpet rung!
And the startled eagle rushed on high,
With sounding flight through the fiery sky,
And banners o'er the shadowy glades
To the sweeping winds were flung.

Banners, with deep-red gold
All waving, as a flame,
And a fitful glance from the bright spear-head
On the dim wood-paths of the mountain shed,
And a peal of Asia's war-notes told
That in arms the Persian came.

He came, with starry gems
On his quiver and his crest;
With starry gems, at whose heart the day
Of the cloudless orient burning lay,
And they cast a gleam on the laurel-stems,
As onward his thousands pressed.

But a gloom fell o'er their way,
And a heavy moan went by!
A moan, yet not like the wind's low swell,
When its voice grows wild amidst cave and dell,
But a mortal murmur of dismay,
Or a warrior's dying sigh!

A gloom fell o'er their way!
'T was not the shadow cast
By the dark pine-boughs as they passed the blue
Of the Grecian heavens with their solemn hue;
The air was filled with a mightier sway,
But on the spearmen passed!

And hollow to their tread,
Came the echoes of the ground,
And banners drooped, as with dews o'erborne,
And the wailing blast of the battle-horn
Had an altered cadence, dull and dead,
Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain,
When the steep defiles were passed!
And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,
To shine through heaven with his radiant snows,
And in golden light the Delphian fane
Before them stood at last!

In golden light it stood,
Midst the laurels gleaming lone,
For the sun-god yet, with a lovely smile,
O'er its graceful pillars looked awhile,
Though the stormy shade on cliff and wood
Grew deep, round its mountain-throne.

And the Persians gave a shout!
But the marble walls replied,
With a clash of steel, and a sullen roar

Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,
And a savage trumpet's note pealed out,
Till their hearts for terror died!

On the armor of the god
Then a viewless hand was laid;
There were helm and spear, with a clanging din,
And corselet brought from the shrine within,
From the inmost shrine of the dread abode,
And before its front arrayed.

And a sudden silence fell
Through the dim and loaded air!
On the wild bird's wing, and the myrtle-spray,
And the very founts, in their silvery way,
With a weight of sleep came down the spell,
Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon!
'T was not by song or lyre;
For the Delphian maids had left their bowers,
And the hearths were lone in the city's towers,
But there burst a sound through the misty noon,
That battle-noon of fire!

It burst from earth and heaven!
It rolled from crag and cloud!
For a moment of the mountain-blast,
With a thousand stormy voices passed,
And the purple gloom of the sky was riven,
When the thunder pealed aloud.

And the lightnings in their play
Flashed forth, like javelins thrown;
Like sun-darts winged from the silver bow,
They smote the spear and the turbaned brow,
And the bright gems flew from the crests like spray,
And the banners were struck down!

And the massy oak-boughs crashed
To the fire-bolts from on high,
And the forest lent its billowy roar,
While the glorious tempest onward bore,
And lit the streams, as they foamed and dashed,
With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rushed the Delphian men
On the pale and scattered host;
Like the joyous burst of a flashing wave,
They rushed from the dim Corycian cave,
And the singing blast o'er wood and glen
Rolled on, with the spears they tossed.

There were cries of wild dismay,
There were shouts of warrior-glee,
There were savage sounds of the tempest's mirth,
That shook the realm of their eagle-birth;
But the mount of song, when they died away,
Still rose, with its temple, free!

And the Pæan swelled erelong,
Io Pæan! from the fane;
Io Pæan! for the war-array,

On the crowned Parnassus riven that day!
Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount of song!
With thy bounding streams again.

Felicia Hemans.

Epidaurus (*Pidauria*).

EPIDAURUS.

LO! Epidaurus spreads his velvet vale,
Sacred to health, renowned in classic tale.
Here sprang that sage a precious balm who drew
From every sweet-lipped flower which drinks the dew:
Ay, doubt not, — symbols, scattered stones remain, —
Rose in this glen the healer's worshipped fane.
Weak age, sick beauty, youth with broken powers,
From distant climes came pilgrims to these bowers,
Fain to escape the grim destroyer, Death,
To pray, to hope, the boon of added breath;
For then, as now, man shrank to tread the shore
Where all is peace, and sorrow comes no more,
Where souls shall spring to new immortal birth,
Endued with powers ne'er known on lower earth.

Nicholas Michell.

Geraneia.

INSCRIBED ON A CENOTAPH.

O CLOUD-CAPT Geraneia, rock unblest!
Would thou hadst reared far hence thy haughty crest,
By Tanais wild, or wastes where Ister flows,
Nor looked on Sciron from thy silent snows!
A cold, cold corpse he lies beneath the wave,
This tomb speaks, tenantless, his ocean-grave.

Simonides. Tr. Anon.

Helicon, the Mountain.

THE MUSES OF HELICON.

BEGIN we from the Muses, O my song!
Muses of Helicon: their dwelling-place
The mountain vast and holy: where around
The altar of high Jove and fountain dark
From azure depth, they lightly leap in dance
With delicate feet; and having duly bathed
Their tender bodies in Permessian streams,
In springs that gushed fresh from the courser's hoof,
Or blest Olmius' waters, many a time
Upon the topmost ridge of Helicon
Their elegant and amorous dances thread,

And smite the earth with strong-rebounding feet.
Thence breaking forth tumultuous, and enwrapt
With the deep mist of air, they onward pass
Nightly, and utter, as they sleep on high,
A voice in stilly darkness beautiful.
They hymn the praise of Ægis-wielding Jove,
And Juno, named of Argos, who august
In golden sandals walks; and her, whose eyes
Glitter with azure light, Minerva born
From Jove; Apollo, sire of prophecy,
And Dian gladdened by the twanging bow;
Earth-grasping Neptune, shaker of earth's shores;
Majestic Themis and Dione fair;
And Venus twinkling bland her tremulous lids;
Hebe, her brows with golden fillet bound;
Morn, the vast Sun, and the resplendent Moon;
Latona and Japetus; and him
Of crooked wisdom, Saturn; and the Earth;
And the huge Ocean, and the sable Night,
And all the sacred race of deities
Existing ever. They to Hesiod erst
Have taught their stately song, the whilst he fed
His lambs beneath the holy Helicon.

Hesiod. Tr. C. A. Elton.

HELICON.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre! awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings;
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Thomas Gray.

THE FLOWERS OF HELICON.

THE solitudes of Helicon
Are rife with gay and scented flowers,
Shining the marble rocks upon,
Or mid the valley's oaken bowers;
And ever since young Fancy placed
The Hieron of the Muses here,
Have ceaseless generations graced
This airy temple year by year.

But those more bright, more precious, flowers
With which old Greece the Muses wooed,
The Art whose varied forms and powers
Charmed the poetic multitude,
The Thought that from each deep recess
And fissure of the teeming mind
Sent up its odorous fruitfulness, —
What have those glories left behind?

For from those generous calices
The vegetative virtue shed,

Flew over distant lands and seas,
  Waking wide nations from the dead;
And e'er the parent plants o'erthrown
  Gave place to rank and noisome weed,
The giant Roman world was sown
  Throughout with that ennobling seed.

And downward thence to latest days
  The heritage of Beauty fell,
And Grecian forms and Grecian lays
  Prolonged their humanizing spell,
Till, when new worlds for man to win
  The Atlantic's riven waves disclose,
The wildernesses there begin
  To blossom with the Grecian rose.

And all this while in barren shame
  Their native land remote reclines,
A mocked and miserable name
  Round which some withered ivy twines;
Where, wandering mid the broken tombs,
  The remnant of the race forget
That ever with such royal blooms
  This Garden of the Soul was set.

O breezes of the wealthy West!
  Why bear ye not on grateful wings
The seeds of all your life has blest
  Back to their being's early springs?
Why fill ye not these plains with hopes
  To bear the treasures once they bore,

And to these Heliconian slopes
Transport civility and lore?

For now, at least, the soil is free,
Now that one strong reviving breath
Has chased that Eastern tyranny
Which to the Greek was ever death;
Now that, though weak with age and wrongs,
And bent beneath the recent chain,
This motherland of Greece belongs
To her own Western world again.

Lord Houghton.

THE FOUNTAIN OF AGANIPPE.

Enchanted vale!
Well did the early worshippers of song
Choose thee to be their place of pilgrimage,
That in thy quiet groves and still recesses
They might invoke, with due solemnity,
The boon-inspiring power. Here they would come,
From the blue islands, and the olive-groves
Of Thebes and Athens, and thy laurel-crowned
And golden banks, Alpheus, and the shores
Of far Ionia, where the wooing air
Pants with a softer breath through myrtle groves,
And thee, thou emerald gem, amid the foam
Of ocean, whence thy guardian goddess rose,
To be the world's delight. From every land
That heard the echo of those flowing sounds,

That dropping honey, which, from eloquent lips,
Distilled persuasion, reverently they came,
Clad in white robes, and crowned with wreaths of bay,
And bearing golden harps and ivory citterns,
And round the marble temple, and the fountain
Of soft and gentle harmony, uplifted
The joyous pæan, through the bright-eyed day
Singing, till sunset threw its yellow veil
Round thy blue summit, Helicon, and Night
Sat on her purple cloud, and dipped her bough
Of cypress in Nepenthe, and then waved,
Over their leafy beds, oblivion
And holy dreams; and when their God arose,
And shook his yellow locks in the blue air,
And dropped his shining dews, then they began
Anew their solemn chant, and up the heights
They moved in measured march, bearing their hymns
To Hippocrene and the crowning rocks,
Whence they beheld Parnassus, white and bare,
Glittering among the clouds, a golden throne
Rich with a waste of gems; and, as it rose,
Touched with the sun's first blaze, its forked peak
Seemed like twin spires of flame, curling and trembling
From earth to heaven. They saw, — and then they bowed,
And worshipped in their hearts, — their voices paused,
Their harps were mute, and fearful silence told,
More eloquent than words, their love and awe.

James Gates Percival.

Iolchos, Thessaly.

THE BUILDING OF THE ARGO.

WHEN Argos' sons, the golden fleece to gain
That hung in Colchis, dared the briny main
In a swift vessel, and, the azure sea
Cleaving with oars, urged on their rapid way,
Then the tall pines that grew on Pelion's steep
First learned to float along the watery deep,
Far as where Phasis rolls its copious waves,
And the wide realms of old Æétes laves:
The inventive Goddess, whose imperial throne
From the proud citadel o'erlooks the town,
First bade the ship each varying blast obey,
And curved to floating hulks the obedient tree;
Fair Amphitrite's crystal bosom taught
To bear the work her magic hands had wrought:
Scarce its swift prow through the cleaved ocean flew;
And, vexed with oars, the billows whiter grew;
Then rose the Nereids from the foamy tide,
To see this wonder o'er their dwellings ride:
Daily the enormous structure they beheld,
To mortal eyes their naked frames revealed;
And full to view, emerging from the flood,
Their swelling breasts and shapes half-human stood.

Catullus. Tr. F. Nott.

THE SAILING OF THE ARGO.

BY Juno, kindled in the heroes' breast,
For the ship Argo, a sweet longing rose;
That with his mother none at home would rest,
Ripening unperilled days, but rather chose,
E'en unto death, amid his peers, to find
The cure most beautiful for noble mind.
But when the flower of mariners
To Iolchos was gone down,
Jason, with praises on them all,
There numbered every one.
Next did the soothsayer for him,
Mopsus, his aid afford,
With holy lots and auguries,
To put the band aboard.
And soon as by the vessel's bow,
The anchor was hung up;
Then took the leader on the prow,
In hands, a golden cup;
And on great Father Jove did call;
And on the winds, and waters all,
Swept by the hurrying blast;
And on the nights, and ocean ways;
And on the fair auspicious days,
And loved return at last.
From out the clouds, in answer kind,
A voice of thunder came;
And shook in glistening beams around
Burst out the lightning-flame.

The chiefs breathed free; and at the sign,
Trusted in the power divine.
Hinting sweet hopes, the seer cried,
Forthwith their oars to ply;
And swift went backward from rough hands,
The rowing ceaselessly.
Conducted by the breezy south,
They reached the stormy Axine's mouth;
There a shrine for Neptune reared;
Of Thracian bulls, a crimson herd
Was ready; and heaven-founded stone,
Wide-spread, to lay the altar on.
Peril deep before them lay;
And to the Lord of ships they pray,
Amidst their ever-raging shocks,
To 'scape the justle of fierce rocks.
For twain there were, alive, that whirled
Swifter than bellowing winds are hurled.
But now to them, that voyage blest
Brought their final day of rest.
After the band of heroes bright
Had glided into Phasis' flood;
With dusk-faced Colchians, mingling might,
Before Æetes' self they stood.
The first the Cyprian Queen,
Mistress of weapons keen,
Her maddening bird from earth to mortals bore;
To the four-spoked round,
Indissolubly bound,
Iynx, with motley plumage speckled o'er:
And whispered into Jason's ear

Soft prayers and fond enchantments dear,
Of power Medea to disarm
Of daughter's shame; and work a charm
That should for Greece her bosom fire,
Dizzied with scourge of strange desire.

Pindar. Tr. H. F. Cary.

Ionian Islands.

IONIAN ISLANDS.

THOU pleasant island, whose rich garden-shores
Have had a long-lived fame of loveliness,
Recorded in the historic song, that framed
The unknown poet of an unknown time,
Illustrating his native Ithaca,
And all her bright society of isles, —
Most pleasant land! To us, who journeying come
From the far west, and fall upon thy charms,
Our earliest welcome to Ionian seas,
Thou art a wonder and a deep delight,
Thy usual habitants can never know.
Thou art a portal, whence the Orient,
The long-desired, long-dreamt-of Orient,
Opens upon us, with its stranger forms,
Outlines immense and gleaming distances,
And all the circumstance of fairyland.
Not only with a present happiness,
But taking from anticipated joys
An added sense of actual bliss, we stand

Upon thy cliffs, or tread the slopes that leave
No interval of shingle, rock, or sand,
Between their verdure and the ocean's brow, —
Whose olive-groves (unlike the darkling growth,
That earns on western shores the traveller's scorn)
Can wear the gray that on their foliage lies,
As but the natural hoar of lengthened days, —
Making, with their thick-bossed and fissured trunks,
Bases far-spread and branches serpentine,
Sylvan cathedrals, such as in old times
Gave the first life to Gothic art, and led
Imagination so sublime a way.
Then forth advancing, to our novice eyes
How beautiful appears the concourse clad
In that which, of all garbs, may best befit
The grace and dignity of manly form:
The bright red open vest, falling upon
The white thick-folded kirtle, and low cap
Above the high-shorn brow.
Nor less than these,
With earnest joy, and not injurious pride,
We recognize of Britain and her force
The wonted ensigns and far-known array;
And feel how now the everlasting sea,
Leaving his old and once imperious spouse,
To faint, in all the beauty of her tears,
On the dank footsteps of a mouldering throne,
Has taken to himself another mate,
Whom his uxorious passion has endowed,
Not only with her ancient properties,
But with all other gifts and privilege,

Within the circle of his regal hand.
Now forward, —forward on a beaming path,
But be each step as fair as hope has feigned it,
For me, the memory of the little while,
That here I rested happily, within
The close-drawn pale of English sympathies,
Will bear the fruit of many an afterthought,
Bright in the dubious track of after years.

Lord Houghton.

Ios (Nio), the Island.

THE GRAVE OF HOMER.

THE visionary dream of life is o'er;
The bard of heroes sleeps on Ios' shore:
Fair Ios' sons their lamentations pay,
And wake the funeral dirge or solemn lay.
O'er his pale lifeless corse and drooping head
Ambrosial sweets the weeping nereids shed,
And on the shore their sleeping poet laid,
Beneath the towering mountain's peaceful shade.
Nor undeserved their care, — his tuneful tongue
Achilles' wrath and Thetis' sorrows sung;
His strains Laertes' son in triumph bore,
Through woes unnumbered, to his native shore.
Blest isle of Ios! On thy rocky steeps
The Star of Song — the Grace of Graces — sleeps.

Alcæus of Messene. Tr. W. Haygarth.

Isles of Greece, The.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now, —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among the fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush, — for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah, no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise, — we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain, — in vain: strike other chords:
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal?

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates, —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks, —
They have a king who buys and sells:

In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade,—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Lord Byron.

Ithaca.

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

A PORT there is in Ithaca, the haunt
Of Phorcys, Ancient of the Sea. Steep shores
Stretch inward toward each other, and roll back
The mighty surges which the hoarse winds hurl
Against them from the ocean, while within
Ships ride without their hawsers when they once

Have passed the haven's mouth. An olive-tree
With spreading branches at the farther end
Of that fair haven stands, and overbrows
A pleasant shady grotto of the nymphs
Called Naiads. Cups and jars of stone are ranged
Within, and bees lay up their honey there.
There from their spindles wrought of stone the nymphs
Weave their sea-purple robes, which all behold
With wonder; there are ever-flowing springs.
Two are the entrances: one toward the north
By which men enter; but a holier one
Looks toward the south, nor ever mortal foot
May enter there. By that way pass the gods.
They touched the land, for well they knew the spot.
The galley, urged so strongly by the arms
Of those who plied the oar, ran up the beach
Quite half her length. And then the crew came forth
From the good ship, and first they lifted out
Ulysses with the linen and rich folds
Of tapestry, and laid him on the sands
In a deep slumber. Then they also took
The presents from the hold, which, as he left
Their isle, the princes of Phæacia gave
By counsel of wise Pallas. These they piled
Close to the olive-tree, without the way,
That none, in passing, ere Ulysses woke,
Might do their owner wrong. Then homeward sailed
The crew.

* * *

Then from the haven up the rugged path
Ulysses went among the woody heights.

He sought the spot where Pallas bade him meet
The noble swineherd, who of all that served
The great Ulysses chiefly had in charge
To bring the day's supplies. He found him there
Seated beneath the portico, before
His airy lodge, that might be seen from far,
Well built and spacious, standing by itself.
Eumæus, while his lord was far away,
Had built it, though not bidden by the queen
Nor old Laertes, with the stones he drew
From quarries thither. Round it he had set
A hedge of thorns, encircling these with stakes
Close set and many, cloven from the heart
Of oak. Within that circuit he had made
Twelve sties, beside each other, for the swine
To lie in. Fifty wallowed in each sty,
All females; there they littered. But the males
Were fewer, and were kept without; and these
The suitor train made fewer every day,
Feeding upon them, for Eumæus sent
Always the best of all his fatling herd.
These numbered twice nine score. Beside them slept
Four mastiffs, which the master swineherd fed,
Savage as wolves. Eumæus to his feet
Was fitting sandals, which he carved and shaped
From a stained ox-hide, while the other hinds
Were gone on different errands, — three to drive
The herds of swine, — a fourth was sent to take
A fatling to the city, that the crew
Of arrogant suitors, having offered him
In sacrifice, might feast upon his flesh.

The loud-mouthed dogs that saw Ulysses come
Ran toward him, fiercely baying. He sat down
At once, through caution, letting fall his staff
Upon the ground, and would have suffered there
Unseemly harm, within his own domain,
But then the swineherd, following with quick steps,
Rushed through the vestibule, and dropped the hide.
He chid the dogs and, pelting them with stones,
Drave them asunder, and addressed the king: —
"O aged man, the mastiffs of the lodge
Had almost torn thee, and thou wouldst have cast
Bitter reproach upon me. Other griefs
And miseries the gods have made my lot.
Here sorrowfully sitting I lament
A godlike master, and for others tend
His fatling swine; while, haply hungering
For bread, he wanders among alien men
In other kingdoms, if indeed he lives
And looks upon the sun. But follow me,
And come into the house, that there, refreshed
With food and wine, old man, thou mayst declare
Whence thou dost come and what thou hast endured."

Homer. Tr. W. C. Bryant.

ULYSSES AND LAERTES.

Ulysses passed
Into the fruitful orchard, there to prove
His father. Going down and far within
The garden-plot, he found not Dolius there,
Nor any of the servants, nor his sons.

All were abroad, old Dolius leading them.
They gathered thorns to fence the garden-grounds.
There, delving in that fertile spot, around
A newly planted tree, Ulysses saw
His father only, sordidly arrayed
In a coarse tunic, patched and soiled. He wore
Patched greaves of bullock's hide upon his thighs,
A fence against the thorn; and on his hands
Gloves, to protect them from the prickly stems
Of bramble; and upon his head a cap
Of goatskin. There he brooded o'er his grief.
Him when the much-enduring chief beheld,
Wasted with age and sorrow-worn, he stopped
Beside a lofty pear-tree's stem and wept,
And pondered whether he should kiss and clasp
His father in his arms, and tell him all,
How he had reached his native land and home,
Or question first and prove him. Musing thus
It pleased him to begin with sportive words:
And thus resolved, divine Ulysses drew
Near to his father stooping at his task,
And loosening the hard earth about a tree,
And thus the illustrious son accosted him: —

"O aged man! there is no lack of skill
In tending this fair orchard, which thy care
Keeps flourishing; no growth is there of fig,
Vine, pear, or olive, or of plants that grow
In borders, that has missed thy friendly hand.
Yet let me say, and be thou not displeased,
Thou art ill cared for, burdened as thou art
With years, and squalid, and in mean attire.

It cannot be that for thy idleness
Thy master treats thee thus; nor is there seen
Aught servile in thy aspect, — in thy face
Or stature; thou art rather like a king;
Thou seemest one who should enjoy the bath
And banquet, and lie soft, — for this befits
Old men like thee. Now say, and tell me true,
Who may thy master be? whose orchard this
Which thou dost tend? And, more than this, declare,
For much I long to know, if I am come
To Ithaca, as I just now was told
By one who met me as I came, — a man
Not overwise, who would not stop to tell
What I desired to learn, nor bear to hear
My questions, when I asked him if a guest
Of mine were living yet in health, or dead
And in the realm of Pluto. Let me speak
Of him, and mark me well, I pray; I lodged
Once, in my native land, a man who came
Into my house, and never stranger yet
More welcome was than he. He was by birth
Of Ithaca, he said, Laertes' son,
And grandson of Arcesias. Him I led
Beneath my roof, and hospitably lodged,
And feasted in the plenty of my home,
And gave such gifts as might become a host, —
Seven talents of wrought gold, a silver cup
All over rough with flowers, twelve single cloaks,
Twelve mats, twelve mantles passing beautiful,
And tunics twelve, and, chosen by himself,
Twelve graceful damsels, skilled in household arts."

And then his father answered, shedding tears:
"Thou art indeed, O stranger, in the land
Of which thou dost inquire, but wicked men
And lawless now possess it. Thou hast given
Thy generous gifts in vain; yet hadst thou found
Ulysses living yet in Ithaca,
Then would he have dismissed thee recompensed
With gifts and liberal cheer, as is the due
Of him who once has been our host. Yet say,
And truly say, how many years have passed
Since thou didst lodge my son, if he it was,
Thy hapless guest, whom, far away from home
And all his friends, the creatures of the deep,
And the foul birds of air, and beasts of prey,
Already have devoured. No mother mourned
His death and wrapped him in his shroud, nor I,
His father; nor did chaste Penelope,
His consort nobly dowered, bewail the man
She loved upon his bier with eyes dissolved
In tears, as fitting was, — an honor due
To those who die. Now, further, truly tell,
For I would learn, what is thy name, and whence
Thou comest, from what tribe, thy city where,
And who thy parents. Where is the good ship
At anchor which has brought thee and thy friends?
Or hast thou landed from another's bark,
Which put thee on the shore and left the isle?"

Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"I will tell all and truly. I am come
From Alybas; a stately dwelling there
Is mine, Apheidas is my father, son

Of royal Polypemon, and my name
Eperitus. Some deity has warped
My course astray from the Sicanian coast,
And brought me hitherward against my will.
My bark lies yonder, stationed by the field
Far from the city. This is the fifth year
Since parting with me thy Ulysses left
My native land for his, ill-fated man!
Yet there were flights of birds upon the right
Of happy presage as he sailed, and I
Dismissed him cheerfully, and cheerfully
He went. We hoped that we might yet become
Each other's guests, exchanging princely gifts."
He spake, and a dark cloud of sorrow came
Over Laertes. With both hands he grasped
The yellow dust, and over his white head
Shed it with piteous groans. Ulysses felt
His heart within him melted; the hot breath
Rushed through his nostrils as he looked upon
His well-beloved father, and he sprang
And kissed and clasped him in his arms, and said:—
"Nay, I am he, my father; I myself
Am he of whom thou askest. I am come
To mine own country in the twentieth year.
But calm thyself, refrain from tears, and grieve
No more, and let me tell thee, in a word,
I have slain all the suitors in my halls,
And so avenged their insolence and crimes."
And then Laertes spake again, and said:
"If now thou be Ulysses, my lost son,
Give some plain token, that I may believe."
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:

"First, then, behold with thine own eyes the scar
Which once the white tusk of a forest boar
Inflicted on Parnassus, when I made
The journey thither, by thy own command,
And by my gracious mother's, to receive
Gifts which her father, King Autolycus,
Once promised, when he came to Ithaca.
And listen to me further; let me name
The trees which in thy well-tilled orchard ground
Thou gavest me; I asked them all of thee,
When by thy side I trod the garden walks,
A little boy. We went among the trees,
And thou didst name them. Of the pear thirteen,
And of the apple ten thou gavest me,
And forty fig-trees; and thou didst engage
To give me fifty rows of vines, each row
Of growth to feed the winepress. Grapes are there
Of every flavor when the hours of Jove
Shall nurse them into ripeness from on high."

He spake; a trembling seized the old man's heart
And knees, as he perceived how true were all
The tokens which Ulysses gave. He threw
Round his dear son his arms. The hardy chief,
Ulysses, drew him fainting to his heart.

Homer. Tr. W. C. Bryant.

ULYSSES ON HIS RETURN.

HAIL, Ithaca, my loved paternal soil!
How, after years of travel, war, and toil,
How, after countless perils of the sea,

My heart, returning, fondly clings to thee!
Where I shall once more bless my father's age,
And smooth the last steps of his pilgrimage;
Again embrace my wife, again enjoy
The sweet endearments of mine only boy.
Now, from my soul, I feel how strong the chain
That binds the passions to our native plain.

Uncertain. Tr. J. H. Merivale.

ITHACA.

THE man of wisdom and endurance rare,
A sundry-colored and strange-featured way,
Our hearts have followed; now the pleasant care
Is near its end, — the oars' sweet-echoed play
Falls on the cliffs of Ithaca's deep bay;
The enemy, on whose impetuous breast
The hero rode undaunted, night and day,
(Such was Minerva's power and Jove's behest,)
Scorns the inglorious strife, and lays his wrath to rest.

And how returns the tempest-tost? his prows
Gay-garlanded, with grand triumphal song?
Leaps he upon the strand, and proudly vows
Dire vengeance unto all who did him wrong?
Not so; for him, all force and passion strong,
And fretful tumult, for a while is o'er, —
He is borne gently, placidly along,
And laid upon his own beloved shore,
Even as a wearied child, in quiet sleep once more!

There is no part of that Archaic lay
That strikes with such resistless power on me
As this pure artist-touch, this tender ray,
A perfect, simple light of poesy:
Not the nice wiles of chaste Penelope, —
Not the poor pining dog that died of joy, —
Not the gray smoke the wanderer yearned to see,
Whose wavings he had traced, a careless boy,
Sweet as they are, for me this preference can destroy.

Where the "stone distaffs" of the nymphs of old
Still make rich tracery in the sacred cave,
Where peasants the dark-shadowed fountain cold
Hail by the name the poet found or gave,
Where on the eagle height the walls outbrave
All time, and only the full-fruited vine
Trails o'er the home — it may be o'er the grave —
Of him for whom these memories combine, —
Rest, care-worn mortal, rest, and let his sleep be thine.

Lord Houghton.

TOWN AND HARBOR OF ITHACA.

BY another light surrounded
Than our actual sky;
With the purple ocean bounded
Does the island lie
Like a dream of the old world.
Bare the rugged heights ascending
Bring to mind the past,

When, the weary voyage ending,
Was the anchor cast,
And the stranger sails were furled
Beside the glorious island
Where Ulysses was the king.

Still does Fancy see the palace
With its carvéd gates;
Where the suitors drained the chalice,
Mocking at the Fates.
Stern and dark and veiled are they,
Still their silent thread intwining
Of our wretched life;
With their cold, pale hands combining
Hate and fear and strife.
Hovers the avenging day
O'er the glorious island
Where Ulysses was the king.

Grant my fancy pardon
If amid these trees
Still it sees the garden
Of old Laertes,
Where he met his glorious son.
The apple boughs were drooping
Beneath their rosy fruit,
And the rich brown pears were stooping
To the old man at their foot,
While his daily task was done
In the glorious island
Where Ulysses was the king.

'T is a vain and cold invention,
'T is the spirit's wrong,
Which to some small mind's pretension
Would subdue that song,
Shrined in manhood's general heart.
One almighty mind, one only,
Could such strain have sung;
Ever be the laurel lonely
Where such lyre is hung.
Be the world a thing apart
Of the glorious island
Where Ulysses was the king.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Lepanto.

THE SONG OF LEPANTO.

LO! the Paynim's pride is broken,
Torn and shattered, wings and van,
Where we closed, with fiery gun-decks,
Plank to plank, and man to man.

Where is now vain Uluc-Ali?
Fled to sea in shame and fear:
And the Pasha's head, grim ensign,
Frowns on Spain's avenging spear.

Slaves are free, who toiled in galleys:—
Pitying God, thy grace alone

Saved them by the threefold succors
In the bond of truth made one.

Victory! let the shout in thunder
Roll afar to seas and sky;
Memory waft it on, and Glory
Wake her trump with "Victory."

Glory waits on thy returning,
John of Austria, to the sound
Of the cannon's voice, and clarions,
Heard these sea-girt isles around,

Where all fiery red with slaughter
Breaks the bubbling foam and spray;
Smouldering spars and turbans floating
Crowd each cove and inland bay.

Victory speak each blazing beacon,
Victory speak each booming gun!
Victory speak each rock and headland
By the Christian victors won!

Victory! let the shout in thunder
Roll afar to seas and sky;
Memory waft it on, and Glory
Wake her trump with "Victory."

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

SONNET ON LEPANTO.

DEEP sea, whose thundering waves in tumult roar,
Call forth thy troubled spirit, — bid him rise,
And gaze, with terror pale, and hollow eyes,
On floods all flashing fire, and red with gore.
Lo! as in lists enclosed, on battle-floor
Christian and Sarzan, life and death the prize,
Join conflict: lo! the battered Paynim flies;
The din, the smouldering flames, he braves no more.
Go, bid thy deep-toned bass with voice of power
Tell of this mightiest victory under sky,
This deed of peerless valor's highest strain;
And say a youth achieved the glorious hour,
Hallowing thy gulf with praise that ne'er shall die, —
The youth of Austria, and the might of Spain.

Fernando de Herrera. Tr. E. Churton.

ON A GROTTO AND WARM SPRING

AT THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF LEPANTO.

WITHIN this grot did Amphitrite,
Willing a beauteous shore to bless,
Expose the full unshaded light
Of all her ocean-queenliness.

Into the rock the vital glow
Past out from her translucid form,

And thus the springs that hither flow
Are made forever summer-warm.

Alas! the name of her who wrought
This work, and all her glorious train,
Have faded far from common thought,
And never will be there again.

But thou, — who in these tempered waves
Delightest thy dust-fevered brow, —
For thee the past has no such graves,
Where poets worshipped, worship thou.

Lord Houghton.

Leucadia (Santa Maura).

TO THE BELOVED.

SHE stood and cried, "O you that love in vain,
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main:
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned,
In vain he loved: relentless Pyrrha scorned:
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorned, and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!

Ovid. Tr. A. Pope.

LEUCADIA.

CHILDE HAROLD sailed, and passed the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;
And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only heaven to which earth's children may aspire.

'T was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar:
A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave:
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar;
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight.

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow;
And as the stately vessel glided slow

Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

Lord Byron.

LEUCATÉ.

THOU seest yonder snowy promontory
Jutting out o'er the sea. That is the rock
Of Leucaté. From it Deucalion,
To cure himself of love for matchless Pyrrha;
Phobus, Phocension of the house of Codrus,
And Cephalus, the son of Dyonesus,
And sad rejected lover of Ptaola,
To heal love's wounds, headlong impetuous leaped.

Estella Delmonte Lewis.

Marathon.

MARATHON.

MILTIADES, thy victories
Must every Persian own,
And hallowed by thy prowess lies
The field of Marathon.

From the Greek. Tr. Anon.

EUCLES ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY OF MARATHON.

HE cometh from the purple hills,
Where the fight has been to-day;
He bears the standard on his hand,—
Shout round the victor's way.
The sunset of a battle won
Is round his steps from Marathon.

Gather the myrtles near,
And fling them on his path;
Take from her braided hair
The flowers the maiden hath,
A welcome to the welcome one
Who hastens now from Marathon.

They crowd around his steps,
Rejoicing young and old;
The laurel branch he bears,
His glorious tale hath told,
The Persian's hour of pride is done,
Victory is on Marathon.

She cometh with brightened cheek;
She who all day hath wept
The wife and mother's tears
Where her youngest infant slept;
The heart is in her eyes alone,
What careth she for Marathon!

But down on his threshold, down!
Sinks the warrior's failing breath,
The tale of that mighty field
Is left to be told by Death.
'T is a common tale, — the victor's sun
Sets in tears and blood o'er Marathon.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

MARATHON.

I COULD believe that under such a sky,
Thus grave, thus streakt with thunderlight, of yore
The small Athenian troop rushed onward, more
As Bacchanals than men about to die.
How weak that massive, motley enemy
Seemed to those hearts, full-fed on that high lore,
Which, for their use, in his melodious store,
Old Homer had laid up immortally.
Thus Marathon was Troy, — thus here again
They were at issue with the barbarous East,
And favoring Gods spoke out, and walkt the plain;
And every man was an anointed priest
Of Nemesis, empowerèd to chastise
The rampant insolence that would not be made wise.

Lord Houghton.

THE SLEEPER OF MARATHON.

I LAY upon the solemn plain
And by the funeral mound,
Where those who died not there in vain
Their place of sleep had found.
'T was silent where the free blood gushed,
When Persia came arrayed, —
So many a voice had there been hushed,
So many a footstep stayed.

I slumbered on the lonely spot,
So sanctified by Death, —
I slumbered, — but my rest was not
As theirs who lay beneath.
For on my dreams, that shadowy hour,
They rose, — the chainless dead, —
All armed they sprang, in joy, in power,
Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears, on that red field,
Flash as in time gone by, —
Chased to the seas, without his shield
I saw the Persian fly.
I woke, — the sudden trumpet's blast
Called to another fight, —
From visions of our glorious past,
Who doth not wake in might?

Felicia Hemans.

"FROM MARATHON."

JUST these two words beneath a little spray
Still freshly green, and tipped with brilliant red;
What wonder should they snatch my faith away?
Such noble birth! can it be credited?
Ay! this has sprung from Glory's very heart,
Who gave it to me plucked it from the mound;
I see and press what somehow had its part
With those who made the spot immortal ground.
No stony relic; daily breath it drew
In airs that blew two thousand years ago;
Over the deathless hundred ninety-two,
The green of victory budded into glow.
'T is a rich life-drop that I look upon,
The ruddy fruit of blood-sown Marathon.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Melos (Milo), the Island.

TO THE VENUS OF MELOS.

O GODDESS of that Grecian isle
Whose shore the blue Ægean laves,
Whose cliffs repeat with answering smile
Their features in its sun-kissed waves,—

An exile from thy native place,
We view thee in a northern clime,
Yet mark on thy majestic face
A glory still undimmed by time.

Through those calm lips, proud Goddess, speak!
Portray to us thy gorgeous fane,
Where Melian suitors thronged to seek
Thine aid, love's paradise to gain;

Where, oft as in the saffron east
Day's jewelled gates were open flung,
With stately pomp the attendant priest
Drew back the veil before thee hung;

And as the daring kiss of morn,
Empurpling, made thy charms more fair,
Sweet strains, from unseen minstrels born,
Awoke from dreams the perfumed air.

Vouchsafe at least our minds to free
From doubts pertaining to thy charms;
The meaning of thy bended knee,
The secret of thy vanished arms!

Wast thou in truth conjoined with Mars?
Did thy fair hands his shield embrace,
The surface of whose golden bars
Grew lovely from thy mirrored face?

Or was it some bright scroll of fame
Thus poised on thine extended knee,

Upon which thou didst trace the name
Of that fierce god so dear to thee?

Whate'er thou hadst, no mere delight
Was thine, the glittering prize to hold;
Not thine the form which met thy sight
Replying from the burnished gold!

Unmindful what thy hands retained,
Thy gaze was fixed beyond, above;
Some dearer object held enchained
The goddess of immortal love!

We mark the motion of thine eyes
And smile, — for heldst thou shield or scroll,
A tender love-glance we surprise
Which tells the secret of thy soul!

J. L. Stoddard.

THE VENUS OF MILO.

GODDESS of dreams, mother of love and sorrow,
Such sorrow as from love's fair promise flows,
Such love as from love's martyrdoms doth borrow
That conquering calm which only sorrow knows;

Venus, triumphant! so serene and tender,
In thy calm after-bloom of life and love,
More fair than when of old thy sea-born splendor
Surprised the senses of Olympian Jove:

Not these the lips that, kindling into kisses,
Poured subtile heats through Adon's languid frame,
Rained on his sullen lips their warm caresses,
Thrilled to his heart and turned its frost to flame!

Thy soul transcending passion's wild illusion,
Its fantasy and fever and unrest,
Broods tenderly in thought's devout seclusion,
O'er some lost love-dream lingering in thy breast.

Thy face seems touched with pity for the anguish
Of earth's disconsolate and lonely hearts;
For all the lorn and loveless lives that languish
In solitary homes and sordid marts:

With pity for the faithlessness and feigning,
The vain repentance and the long regret,
The perfumed lamps in lonely chambers waning,
The untouched fruits on golden salvers set:

With pity for the patient watchers yearning
Through glimmering casements over midnight moors,
Thrilled by the echo of far feet returning
Through the blank darkness of the empty doors:

With sorrow for the coy, sweet buds that cherish
In virgin pride love's luxury of gloom,
And in their fair unfolded beauty perish,
Fading like flowers that knew not how to bloom:

With sorrow for the over-blown pale roses
That yield their fragrance to the wandering air;
For all the penalties that life imposes
On passion's dream, on love's divine despair.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

Missolonghi.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, JANUARY 22, 1824.

'T IS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze, —
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 't is not thus, — and 't is not here, —
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece, — she is awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here: up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Lord Byron.

LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

Just at the point
Of facing death in fronting Moslem steel,
Lo! in the fever's silent strife he sank!
Out of the valorous yet chaotic Greeks
His skill and nerve had gathered ordered ranks.

May not the chaos of his passions first
Have heard "light" summoned, and have felt its dawn?
May not the liberty of God's own truth
Have struck some shackles of his bondage off
While he was seeking to make others free?
Amid the blackness we must see and shun
Gleams out a light wherein is read the hint
Of the surpassing glory sin eclipsed.
Who knows what age or illness might have wrought;
Those two reformers of an evil life,
That have of vilest sinners moulded saints?
Be it not ours to cover vice of his,
But to remember we have seen his worst,
Which most men hide as niggards do their hoard.

While thought drinks in the purest tones he struck,
All her nerves tremble with bewildered joy:
Round some creations such a splendor burns,
He seems himself the very lyric god,
Encircling whom great passions of the soul
With linkéd hands, like maids of Helicon,
Accord his power in faultless harmonies.
Greece lives forever in his splendid verse,
Which, should her relics utter ruins lie,
Could bound her glory with immortal lines.
Fitting that he who loved and sang of her
Should breathe his life out on her lovely shore!
Wave-beaten Missolonghi, it is thou
That hold'st the parting secrets of that soul
Not walled, like thee, with strength, but like thyself
Beaten forever by the mighty sea!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Naxos, the Island.

NAXOS.

THERE Ariadne, racked with amorous pains,
On Naxos' billow-beaten shore complains;
And eyes the rapid bark, that bears away
Her perjured Theseus o'er the distant sea:
Though golden sleep no more her sense deceives,
She scarce the horror of the scene believes;
Scarce thinks herself the wretch which now she stands,
A hapless wretch, forsook in desert lands!
See, sped with oars, the youth regardless goes;
And the wild winds disperse his faithless vows!
While Minos' daughter views his flight from far,
And bathes the reedy strand with many a tear;
Now like a frantic bacchanal she raves,
And her fond soul is tossed on sorrow's waves!
No slender fillet binds her yellow head,
No shadowing veil is o'er her bosom spread,
No modest zone confines its tumid pride,
Or longer strives its struggling charms to hide;
But each gay ornament her beauty wore,
Wet with the surge, lies scattered on the shore:
Not then the fillet, which her locks should bind,
Not then her garb, the sport of waves and wind,
Employ her thought, — thou, Theseus, thou alone,
Reign'st the proud tyrant of her bosom's throne!
Ill-fated fair! whom Venus doomed to prove

The thorny cares, and agonies of love;
What time from his Piræus Theseus fled,
And sought the isle thy cruel father swayed.

* * *

Oft, they relate, with burning grief oppressed,
The shriek, loud-sounding, issued from her breast;
Oft to the craggy cliffs enraged she 'd fly,
O'er the wide waste of waters bend her eye;
Then to the shore direct her rapid way,
Cast her bared feet's soft coverings away;
At length in sweetly plaintive accent cry,
While her moist lips breathed many a chilling sigh:
"Thus dost thou leave me, from my country torn,
Perfidious Theseus, on this coast forlorn?
Thus, in contempt of yon attesting skies,
Bear back with thee thy impious perjuries?
Could no remembrance of our former love
Thy savage purpose, base barbarian, move?
Were no remains of pity left behind,
To soothe the various tortures of my mind?

* * *

"Fool that I am! but madness turns my brain,
To senseless winds thus vainly to complain;
Vainly to think that they could hear me mourn,
Or pitying accents to my sighs return!
Ah, how far hence he flies, on ocean tossed!
No human form is seen along this coast;
No wretch like me, my sorrowing tale to hear!
Why, fortune, thus insult my keen despair?
O, had it been imperial Jove's command,
That Attic ships had ne'er seen Cretan land;

That the famed bark, which bore the prize away
From the fierce bull, had never ploughed the sea;
And that the youth, who smiled such sweet deceit,
Had never entered Minos' royal gate!"

Catullus. Tr. F. Nott.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE.

ASPATIA. 'T is enough, my wench.
Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

ANTIPHILA. Of Ariadne, madam?

ASP. Yes, that piece.
This should be Theseus; he 's a cozening face.
You meant him for a man?

ANT. He was so, madam.

ASP. Why, thus, 't is well enough. Never look back,
You have a full wind and a false heart, Theseus.
Does not the story say his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?

ANT. Not as I remember.

ASP. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storm?
But they are all as evil. This false smile
Was well expressed; just such another caught me.
You shall not go so.
Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a tear:
Do that tear bravely, wench.

ANT. 'T will wrong the story.
ASP. 'T will make the story, wronged by wanton poets,
Live long and be believed. But where 's the lady?
ANT. There, madam.
ASP. Fie, you have missed it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colors are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me
Make all a desolation.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

ARIADNE AT NAXOS.

HIGH upon the Hill of Drios,
As the day began to waken,
All alone sat Ariadne,
Watching, weary, and forsaken:

With her dark dishevelled tresses
Dank with dewdrops of the night,
And her face all wan and haggard,
Still she waited on the height:
Watching, praying that the morning
Might reveal her love returning,
Swiftly o'er the quivering water;
To the lonely isle returning,
And the king's deserted daughter.

From her couch of orient forests,
From the chamber of her rest,
Came, with queenly step, the Morning,
Journeying onward to the west:
And the glory of her presence
Tinged the sea and filled the air,
Smote the lofty Hill of Drios,
And the lonely watcher there;
Yet no bark across the water
Came to lighten her despair.
But with sighing of the pine-trees,
By the low wind gently shaken,
All day long in mournful snatches
Rose the plaint of Ariadne,
Watching, weary, and forsaken.

"In vain! in vain! The seventh bright day
Is breaking o'er yon eastern land,
That mid the light, a long dark band,
Lies dim and shadowy far away;
And still from morn till eve I 've scanned

That weary sea from strand to strand,
To mark his sail against the spray.
In vain! in vain! The morning ray
Shows not his bark mid all the seas,
Though I may trace from where I stand
All the flowery Cyclades.

"Seven days! But O, how tardily
Those lonely hours have crept away!
And yet it seems but yesterday
That, sailing o'er the Cretan Sea,
I watched the melting shadows gray,
And hailed the dawn as emblem gay
Of all the rapture yet to be,
When I with him should wander free,
Through fair Ilissus' bowers of green.
But now my love has gone for aye,
And I am left alone alway,
To brood o'er all that might have been!

"O, had I to the shadows passed,
Before the dark-eyed stranger came
To light with love the fatal flame
That aye will burn within my breast!
The maids of Crete had named my name,
Nor thought of love, nor yet of shame,
But of a sister pure and chaste,
In death's cold arms untimely pressed,
And all from joy and sorrow reft:
He might have lived his life of fame,
And I had ne'er been loved and left.

"Or had the North Wind woke from sleep,
As with our dark sails all outspread,
Across the southern wave we fled, —
Down in the great sea's twilight deep,
Some silent grot had been our bed,
Where many a long-haired Nereid,
With ocean-flowers all garlanded,
Had knelt by our low couch to weep:
But softly o'er the brine the breeze did creep,
Bearing us all too gently on our way;
While I of strong Poseidon prayed
To guard the life I mourn to-day!

"Ye memories of days gone by
Ere clouds of woe began to lower,
When life stretched all so bright before,
And love was warm and hope was high;
Of moonlight nights beside the shore,
When by the infinite heaven he swore,
And every star that gemmed it o'er,
That love like his could never die:
Unbidden guests of mine adversity!
Dead hopes and haunting memories of the past,
That cling about my heart forevermore,
O, to forget you all, and die and be at rest!

"For rest alone awaiteth me
Beyond death's portal dark and grim,
Where Nature whispers that I soon shall be;
For robes of rest I cannot see
Seem folding round each languid limb;

My weary eyes are waxing dim,
Scarce may I hear the evening hymn
The birds are chanting joyously: —
But O, for one more glimpse of thee,
Theseus! before mine eyelids sink for aye, —
Or of thy sail beneath the westering day,
O'er the horizon's utmost rim,
Looming far away!"

Darkness o'er land and sea resumed her sway;
The fair moon rose, dispensing silvery light;
And softly fell the tears of mother Night
O'er the outwearied watcher where she lay,
Till in the orient dawned again the Day,
And all for joy o'er his triumphant birth
Arose the hymnéd praises of the Earth:
The River murmured, rolling on his way;
The wind-swept forest sighed, and carols gay
The wild bird lilted from the dewy brake, —
But Ariadne sleeps, and nevermore shall wake!

Thomas Davidson.

ARIADNE'S FAREWELL.

THE daughter of a king, how should I know
That there were tinsels wearing face of gold,
And worthless glass, which in the sunlight's hold
Could shameless answer back my diamond's glow
With cheat of kindred fire? The currents slow,
And deep and strong and stainless, which had rolled
Through royal veins for ages, what had told

To them, that hasty heat and lie could show
As quick and warm a red as theirs? Go free!
The sun is breaking on the sea's blue shield
Its golden lances; by their gleam I see
Thy ship's white sails. Go free, if scorn can yield
Thee freedom! Then, alone, my love and I, —
We both are royal; we know how to die.

Helen Hunt.

Olympia.

NEWS FROM OLYMPIA.

OLYMPIA? Yes, strange tidings from the city
Which pious mortals builded, stone by stone,
For those old gods of Hellas, half in pity
Of their storm-mantled height and dwelling lone,
Their seat upon the mountain overhanging
Where Zeus withdrew behind the rolling cloud,
Where crowned Apollo sang, the phorminx twanging,
And at Poseidon's word the forests bowed.

Ay, but that fated day
When from the plain Olympia passed away;
When ceased the oracles, and long unwept
Amid their fanes the gods deserted fell,
While sacerdotal ages, as they slept,
The ruin covered well!

The pale Jew flung his cross, thus one has written,
Among them as they sat at the high feast,
And saw the gods, before that token smitten,
Fade slowly, while His presence still increased,
Until the seas Ionian and Ægæan
Gave out a cry that Pan himself was dead,
And all was still: thenceforth no more the pæan,
No more by men the prayer to Zeus was said.

Sank, like a falling star,
Hephaistos in the Lemnian waters far;
The silvery Huntress fled the darkened sky;
Dim grew Athene's helm, Apollo's crown;
Alpheios' nymphs stood wan and trembling by
When Hera's fane went down.

News! what news? Has it in truth then ended,
The term appointed for that wondrous sleep?
Has Earth so well her fairest brood defended
Within her bosom? Was their slumber deep
Not this our dreamless rest that knows no waking,
But that to which the years are as a day?
What! are they coming back, their prison breaking, —
These gods of Homer's chant, of Pindar's lay?

Are they coming back in might,
Olympia's gods, to claim their ancient right?
Shall then the sacred majesty of old,
The grace that holy was, the noble rage,
Temper our strife, abate our greed for gold,
Make fine the modern age?

Yes, they are coming back, to light returning!
Bold are the hearts and void of fear the hands
That toil, the lords of War and Spoil unurning,
Or of their sisters fair that break the bands;
That loose the sovran mistress of desire,
Queen Aphrodite, to possess the earth
Once more; that dare renew dread Hera's ire,
And rouse old Pan to wantonness of mirth.

The herald Niké, first,
From the dim resting-place unfettered burst,
Winged victor over fate and time and death!
Zeus follows next, and all his children then;
Phoibos awakes and draws a joyous breath,
And Love returns to men.

Ah, let them come, the glorious Immortals,
Rulers no more, but with mankind to dwell,
The dear companions of our hearts and portals,
Voiceless, unworshipped, yet beloved right well!
Pallas shall sit enthroned in wisdom's station,
Eros and Psyche be forever wed,
And still the primal loveliest creation
Yield new delight from ancient beauty bred.

Triumphant as of old,
Changeless while Art and Song their warrant hold,
The visions of our childhood haunt us still,
Still Hellas sways us with her charm supreme.
The morn is past, but Man has not the will
To banish yet the dream.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Olympus, the Mountain, Thessaly.

OLYMPUS.

WITH no sharp-sided peak or sudden cone,
Thou risest o'er the blank Thessalian plain,
But in the semblance of a rounded throne,
Meet for a monarch and his noble train
To hold high synod; — but I feel it vain,
With my heart full and passionate as now,
To frame my humble verse, as I would fain,
To calm description, — I can only bow
My head and soul, and ask again, "if that be thou?"

I feel before thee, as of old I felt
(With sense as just, more vivid in degree),
When first I entered and unconscious knelt
Within the Roman Martyr's sanctuary:
I feel that ages laid their faith on thee,
And if to me thou art a holy hill,
Let not the pious scorn, — that piety
Though veiled, that truth though shadowy, were still
All the world had to raise its heart and fallen will.

Thou shrine which man, of his own natural thought,
Gave to the God of Nature, and girt round
With elemental mightiness, and brought
Splendor of form and depth of thunderous sound,
To wall about with awe the chosen ground, —
All without toil of slaves or lavished gold,
Thou wert upbuilt of memories profound,

Imaginations wonderful and old,
And the pure gems that lie in poets' hearts untold.

God was upon thee in a thousand forms
Of terror and of beauty, stern and fair,
Upgathered in the majesty of storms,
Or floating in the film of summer air;
Thus wert thou made ideal everywhere;
From thee the odorous plumes of love were spread,
Delight and plenty through all lands to bear,—
From thee the never-erring bolt was sped
To curb the impious hand or blast the perjured head.

How many a boy, in his full noon of faith,
Leaning against the Parthenon, half-blind
With inner light, and holding in his breath,
Awed by the image of his own high mind,
Has seen the Goddess there so proudly shrined,
Leave for a while her loved especial home,
And pass, though wingless, on the northward wind,
On to thy height, beneath the eternal dome,
Where Heaven's grand councils wait, till Wisdom's self shall come!

Ours is another world, and godless now
Thy ample crown; 't is well, — yes, — be it so,
But I can weep this moment, when thy brow,
Light-covered with fresh hoar of autumn snow,
Shines in white light and chillness, which bestow
New grace of reverend loveliness, as seen
With the long mass of gloomy hills below:
Blest be our open faith! too grand, I ween,
To grudge these votive tears to beauty that has been.

Lord Houghton.

Parnassus, the Mountain.

PARNASSUS.

O THOU Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing!
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave
her wing.

Oft have I dreamed of thee! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
And now I view thee, 't is, alas! with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?

Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

Lord Byron.

Peloponnesus (Morea).

MOREA.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast,
When — Athens! here thy wisest looked his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered sage's latest day!
Not yet, not yet, Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still!
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frowned before;
But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaffed, the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapor, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide
Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
And, dun and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye,
And dull were his that passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean seems to smile.

Lord Byron.

Permessus, the River.

PERMESSUS.

THEN be my guide,
Wandering Permessus, upward through thy vale,
And let me find, beneath the twisted boughs
Of these old evergreens, coolness and shade,
To make my toil the easier. Darkly rolls
Thy current under them, and hollower sounds
Thy hidden roar. I just can catch a glimpse
Of yon deep pool, dark and mysterious,
Sunk in its well of rock; and now from out
A tuft of seeded fern I see thee plunge,
Tinted with golden green, for there a sunbeam
Strays through thy arch of shade. Still as I climb
Thy voice goes with me, like the laborer's song,
To cheer me; and anon I see thee flashing
Through the laburnum thickets, rivalling
Their golden flowers; and then thou rushest by
Crested with foam, the whiter for the darkness

That covers thee; and then I pause and hang
Over a broad, smooth mirror, where the sky
Looks in, and sees itself, as purely blue,
As vast and round, and all its cloudy folds,
Their snowy bosses and their iris fringes
Are there, and all the circling rocks repeat
Their lights and shadows in that vacancy,
So clear, it seems but air. Thou rollest on
Thus brightly, and for ages thou hast kept
This ever-varying, yet eternal way;
And like the voice of a divinity
Thou pourest thy endless song. But now the rocks
That hemmed thee in recede, and, round and fair,
The open vale of Aganippe smiles
To greet me, as a fond and gentle mistress
Welcomes her weary lover, when he comes
At evening to her bower.

James Gates Percival.

Pharsalia, Thessaly.

PHARSALIA.

WHERE Eurus blows, and wintry suns arise,
Thessalia's boundary proud Ossa lies;
But when the God protracts the longer day,
Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.
Where through the lion's fiery sign he flies,
Othrys his leafy groves for shade supplies.

On Pindus strikes the fady western light,
When glittering Vesper leads the starry night.
Northward, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
Their paler fires around the frozen pole.
The middle space, a valley low depressed,
Once a wide, lazy, standing lake possessed;
While growing still the heapy waters stood,
Nor down through Tempe ran the rushing flood:
But when Alcides to the task applied,
And cleft a passage through the mountains wide;
Gushing at once the thundering torrent flowed,
While Nereus groaned beneath the increasing load.
Then rose (O, that it still a lake had lain!)
Above the waves Pharsalia's fatal plain,
Once subject to the great Achilles' reign.
Then Phylace was built, whose warriors boast
Their chief first landed on the Trojan coast;
Then Pteleos ran her circling wall around,
And Dorion, for the Muses' wrath renowned;
Then Trachin high, and Melibœa stood,
Where Hercules his fatal shafts bestowed;
Larissa strong arose, and Argos, now
A plain, submitted to the laboring plough.
Here stood the town, if there be truth in fame,
That from Bœotian Thebes received its name.
Here sad Agave's wandering sense returned,
Here for her murdered son the mother mourned;
With streaming tears she washed his ghastly head,
And on the funeral pile the precious relic laid.
The gushing waters various soon divide,
And every river rules a separate tide;

The narrow Æas runs a limpid flood,
Evenos blushes with the Centaur's blood;
That gently mingles with the Ionian sea,
While this, through Calydonia, cuts his way.
Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
And in hoarse murmurs his lost daughter calls.
Thick Acheloüs rolls his troubled waves,
And heavily the neighbor isles he laves;
While pure Amphrysus winds along the mead,
Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed:
Oft on the banks he sat a shepherd swain,
And watched his charge upon the grassy plain.
Swift to the main his course Sperchios bends,
And, sounding, to the Malian gulf descends.
No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
No dewy mists, nor fleecy clouds arise.
Here Phœnix, Melas, and Asopus run,
And strong Apidanus drives slow Enipeus on.
A thousand little brooks, unknown to fame,
Are mixed, and lost in Peneus' nobler name:
Bold Titaresus scorns his rule, alone,
And, joined to Peneus, still himself is known:
As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
And roll unmingling, a superior tide.
'T is said through secret channels winding forth,
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallowed birth;
Thence, proud to be revered by gods on high,
He scorns to mingle with a mean ally.

* * *

Late, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
Upreared the mournful sun his cloudy head

He sickened to behold Emathia's plain,
And would have sought the backward east again:
Full oft he turned him from the destined race,
And wished some dark eclipse might veil his radiant face.

Pompey, meanwhile, in pleasing visions past
The night of all his happy nights the last.
It seemed, as if, in all his former state,
In his own theatre secure he sate:
About his side unnumbered Romans crowd,
And, joyful, shout his much-loved name aloud;
The echoing benches seem to ring around,
And his charmed ears devour the pleasing sound.
Such both himself, and such the people seem,
In the false prospect of the feigning dream;
As when in early manhood's beardless bloom,
He stood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
When fierce Sertorius by his arms suppressed,
And Spain subdued, the conqueror confessed;
When raised with honors never known before,
The consuls' purple, yet a youth, he wore:
When the pleased senate sat with new delight,
To view the triumph of a Roman knight.

Perhaps, when our good days no longer last,
The mind runs backward, and enjoys the past;
Perhaps, the riddling visions of the night
With contrarieties delude our sight;
And when fair scenes of pleasure they disclose,
Pain they foretell, and sure ensuing woes.
Or was it not that, since the Fates ordain
Pompey should never see his Rome again,

One last good office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a dream this parting view?
O, may no trumpet bid the leader wake!
Long, let him long the blissful slumber take!
Too soon the morrow's sleepless night will come,
Full fraught with slaughter, misery, and Rome;
With horror and dismay those shades shall rise,
And the lost battle live before his eyes.

* * *

Straight, at the fatal signal, all around
A thousand fifes, a thousand clarions sound;
Beyond where clouds or glancing lightnings fly,
The piercing clangors strike the vaulted sky.
The joining battles shout, and the loud peal
Bounds from the hill, and thunders in the vale;
Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
And Œta's rocks, and groaning Pindus mourn;
From pole to pole the tumult spreads afar,
And the world trembles at the distant war.
Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various masters bear:
Some seek the noblest Roman heart to wound,
And some to err upon the guiltless ground;
While chance decrees the blood that shall be spilt,
And blindly scatters innocence and guilt.
But random shafts too scanty death afford,
A civil war is business for the sword:
Where face to face the parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.
Firm in the front, with joining bucklers closed,
Stood the Pompeian infantry disposed;

So crowded was the space, it scarce affords
The power to toss their piles, or wield their swords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they stand,
With headlong wrath rush furious Cæsar's band;
In vain the lifted shield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted bosoms guards;
Through shields, through mail, the wounding weapons go,
And to the heart drive home each deadly blow;
O rage ill-matched! O much unequal war,
Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear!
These by cold, stupid piety disarmed;
Those by hot blood and smoking slaughter warmed.
Nor in suspense uncertain Fortune hung,
But yields, o'ermastered by a power too strong,
And borne by fate's impetuous stream along.
From Pompey's ample wings, at length, the horse
Wide o'er the plain extending take their course;
Wheeling around the hostile line they wind,
While lightly armed the foot succeed behind.
In various ways the various bands engage,
And hurl upon the foe the missile rage;
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly,
And heated bullets whistle through the sky:
Of feathered shafts, a cloud thick shading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan bows:
But driven by random aim they seldom wound;
At first they hide the heaven, then strew the ground;
While Roman hands unerring mischief send,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.
But Cæsar, timely careful to support

His wavering front against the first effort,
Had placed his bodies of reserve behind,
And the strong rear with chosen cohorts lined.
There, as the careless foe the fight pursue,
A sudden band and stable forth he drew;
When soon, O shame! the loose barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken squadrons o'er the field,
And show, too late, that slaves attempt in vain
The sacred cause of Freedom to maintain.
The fiery steeds, impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground;
Or on their friends with rage ungoverned turn,
And trampling o'er the helpless foot are borne.
Hence foul confusion, and dismay succeed,
The victors murder, and the vanquished bleed:
Their weary hands the tired destroyers ply,
Scarce can these kill, so fast as those can die.
O that Emathia's ruthless guilty plain
Had been contented with this only stain;
With these rude bones had strewn her verdure o'er,
And dyed her springs with none but Asian gore!
But if so keen her thirst for Roman blood,
Let none but Romans make the slaughter good;
Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, nor rebellious Gaul:
Let these alone survive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome.
But fear, on all alike, her powers employed,
Did Cæsar's business, and like fate destroyed.
Prevailing still the victors held their course,
Till Pompey's main reserve opposed their force;

There, in his strength, the chief unshaken stood,
Repelled the foe, and made the combat good;
There in suspense the uncertain battle hung,
And Cæsar's favoring Goddess doubted long;
There no proud monarchs led their vassals on,
Nor eastern bands in gorgeous purple shone;
There the last force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots struggled for the day.
What parricides the guilty scene affords!
Sires, sons, and brothers, rush on mutual swords!
There every sacred bond of nature bleeds;
There met the war's worst rage, and Cæsar's blackest deeds.

Lucan. Tr. N. Rowe.

Pierus, the Mountain, Thessaly.

MOUNT PIERUS.

THE Heliconian springs and rocky steeps
Of Macedonian Piërus have heard
The god-voiced strains of women, and with songs
Praxilla nurtured; Myro; Anyté,
The female Homer; thee of Lesbian dames
Famed for their flowing ringlets; Sappho first
In glory; and Erinna; Telesilla,
Great in thy growing fame; Corinna, thee;
Thee, the bright songstress of the warlike shield,

Athena's; Nessis mild and woman-voiced;
And gentle Myrtis last,—meet makers all
On the bright page of ever-living song.
Nine Muses mighty Uranus produced,
And nine the Earth,—a deathless joy to man.

Antipater. Tr. W. Hay.

Pirœus (Porto Leone).

ON THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

BY the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
By this directed, to thy native shore
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

Plato the Comic Poet. Tr. R. Cumberland.

Platœa (Laspi).

THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA.

AND there they sleep!—the men who stood
In arms before the exulting sun,
And bathed their spears in Persian blood,
And taught the earth how freedom might be won.

They sleep! — the Olympic wreaths are dead,
The Athenian lyres are hushed and gone;
The Dorian voice of song is fled, —
Slumber, ye mighty! slumber deeply on!

They sleep, and seems not all around
As hallowed unto glory's tomb?
Silence is on the battle-ground,
The heavens are loaded with a breathless gloom.

And stars are watching on their height,
But dimly seen through mist and cloud,
And still and solemn is the light
Which folds the plain, as with a glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen! here thy beams
Are not as those the shepherd loves,
Nor look they down on shining streams,
By Naiads haunted, in their laurel groves:

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,
In shadowy quiet, midst its vines;
No temple gleaming from the steep,
Midst the gray olives or the mountain-pines:

But o'er a dim and boundless waste
Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's, brood,
Where man's departed steps are traced
But by his dust, amid the solitude.

And be it thus! What slave shall tread
O'er freedom's ancient battle-plains?

Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,
When their bright land sits weeping o'er her chains:

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,
And where the Spartan sword flashed high,
And where the Pæan strains were sung,
From year to year swelled on by liberty!

Here should no voice, no sound, be heard,
Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
Save of the leader's charging word,
Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through heaven!

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave!
No vines festoon your lonely tree!
No harvest o'er your war-fields wave,
Till rushing winds proclaim, — the land is free!

Felicia Hemans.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

MARCO BOZZARIS, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night-attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne, — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band, —
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered, — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurra,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death,
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song and dance and wine, —
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
  Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
  Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh,
  To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
  Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
  Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
  The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said

At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys, —
And even she who gave thee birth, —
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's, —
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Salamis (*Kolouri*), *the Island.*

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

SOME evil god, or an avenging spirit,
Began the fray. From the Athenian fleet
There came a Greek, and thus thy son bespoke:
"Soon as the gloom of night shall fall, the Greeks
No more will wait, but, rushing to their oars,
Each man will seek his safety where he may
By secret flight." This Xerxes heard, but knew not

The guile of Greece, nor yet the jealous gods,
And to his captains straightway gave command
That, when the sun withdrew his burning beams,
And darkness filled the temple of the sky,
In triple lines their ships they should dispose,
Each wave-plashed outlet guarding, fencing round
The isle of Ajax surely. Should the Greeks
Deceive this guard, or with their ships escape
In secret flight, each captain with his head
Should pay for his remissness. These commands
With lofty heart, thy son gave forth, nor thought
What harm the gods were weaving. They obeyed.
Each man prepared his supper, and the sailors
Bound the blithe oar to its familiar block.
Then, when the sun his shining glory paled,
And night swooped down, each master of the oar,
Each marshaller of arms, embarked; and then
Line called on line to take its ordered place.
All night they cruised, and with a moving belt
Prisoned the frith, till day 'gan peep, and still
No stealthy Greek the expected flight essayed.
But when at length the snowy-steeded day
Burst o'er the main, all beautiful to see,
First from the Greeks a tuneful shout uprose,
Well omened, and, with replication loud,
Leaped the blithe echo from the rocky shore.
Fear seized the Persian host, no longer tricked
By vain opinion; not like wavering flight
Billowed the solemn pæan of the Greeks,
But like the shout of men to battle urging,
With lusty cheer. Then the fierce trumpet's voice

Blazed o'er the main; and on the salt sea flood
Forthwith the oars with measured plash descended,
And all their lines, with dexterous speed displayed,
Stood with opposing front. The right wing first,
Then the whole fleet, bore down, and straight uprose
A mighty shout: "Sons of the Greeks, advance!
Your country free, your children free, your wives!
The altars of your native gods deliver,
And your ancestral tombs, — all 's now at stake!"
A like salute from our whole line back rolled
In Persian speech. Nor more delay, but straight
Trireme on trireme, brazen beak on beak,
Dashed furious. A Greek ship led on the attack,
And from the prow of a Phœnician struck
The figure-head; and now the grapple closed
Of each ship with his adverse desperate.
At first the main line of the Persian fleet
Stood the harsh shock: but soon their multitude
Became their ruin: in the narrow frith
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other,
And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks
Stroke after stroke dealt dexterous all around,
Till our ships showed their keels, and the blue sea
Was seen no more, with multitude of ships
And corpses covered. All the shores were strewn,
And the rough rocks, with dead: till, in the end,
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet
Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.
As men that fish for tunnies, so the Greeks,

With broken booms, and fragments of the wreck,
Struck our snared men, and hacked them, that the sea
With wail and moaning was possessed around,
Till black-eyed Night shot darkness o'er the fray.
These ills thou hearest: to rehearse the whole,
Ten days were few; but this, my queen, believe,
No day yet shone on earth whose brightness looked
On such a tale of death.

Æschylus. Tr. J. S. Blackie.

Sparta.

SPARTA.

O'ER all two rival cities reared the brow,
And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft rising hills,
The patient Sparta one; the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a tempered state;
Where mixed each government, in such just poise;
Each power so checking, and supporting each;
That firm for ages, and unmoved, it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party rage.
For, drained the springs of wealth, corruption there

Lay withered at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Loved not the soil; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confined, and pressed into Laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,
The public and the private grew the same.
The children of the nursing public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toiled,
For that they lived entire, and even for that
The tender mother urged her son to die.

James Thomson.

SPARTA.

LAND of the lordly mien and iron frame!
Where wealth was held dishonor, luxury's smile
Worse than a demon's soul-destroying wile!
Where every youth that hailed the Day-God's beam,
Wielded the sword, and dreamt the patriot's dream;
Where childhood lisped of war with eager soul,
And woman's hand waved on to glory's goal.
Ay, she sent forth her son in battle's face,
Feared not his death, but only his disgrace;
Dropped on his home-borne corpse no woman's tear,
So he had died in valor's red career;
Wept only for the son who lost his shield,
And, choosing life to honor, fled the field.

* * *

What! are these stones, yon column's broken shaft,
Where moss-crowned Ruin long hath sat and laughed,
These shattered steps, these walls that earthward bow,
All Sparta's Royal Square can boast of now?
What! in the streets which swept on every side,
Do but wild poppies lift their crimson pride?
Plant of Oblivion! well thou here mayst bloom,
Type of unlettered Sparta's hastening doom!
The Stoa's walls with Persian trophies graced,
The circling course where brazen chariots raced,
The pillar, where each name ye once might see
Of those who fell at red Thermopylæ;
Juno's bright shrine, — the city's glittering eye, —
Ramparts below, and frowning towers on high, —
All, all are gone, like forms in troubled sleep,
Blooms in the spring or foam upon the deep,
Alone unchanged by battle, time, or blast,
Fresh as when born, Eurotas wanders past,
Breaks in soft kisses on the silver sands,
Trod in old times by valor's conquering bands,
Mirrors the banks where temples shone of yore,
But ah! the bath of beauty's train no more;
And further down, where snow-white lilies gleam, —
The drooping Naiads of the classic stream, —
To choiring winds the bubbling waters sigh,
Like Memory's wail for glories long gone by.

Nicholas Michell.

Sunium (Colonna), the Cape.

SUNIUM.

HIGH o'er the billows Sunium glances now,
An airy temple gleaming on its brow.
Fair mount! the first, the last to greet the eyes
Of those who sail beneath blue Attic skies,
How many a banished Greek, in ancient days,
Hath viewed yon rocks with sadly wistful gaze!
There Simon looked in silence: o'er these seas
Heaved many a sigh the wronged Themistocles;
And he whom gold ne'er tempted, fear ne'er moved,
Exiled by foes he saved, by friends he loved,
Prayed for the land fast fading from his view,
Gazed, while his veteran soul all weakness grew,
Called on the gods, — ah! not to curse, but bless,
Till blinding tears relieved his heart's distress.

What though no more on Sunium's sacred steep
Altars shall blaze, and light the midnight deep,
Or hymns resound at morning's opening smile,
Answered by songs from neighboring cape and isle,
While clouds of incense floating through the calm,
Sweeten the sea, and fill all heaven with balm;
Those snow-white columns ages still shall brave,
Charm seamen's eyes, and gleam across the wave,
Dead Art's sweet spirit watching on that shore
Which Glory owns and gods protect no more.

Nicholas Michell.

THE SUNIAN PALLAS.

BY Sunium's rock I took my way
Along the blue Ægean sea,
That bright in golden sunset lay
Round the fair islands of the free:
A form of more than mortal mould
On the high rock sublimely rose;
The bosses of her buckler rolled
Like eyes of lightning on her foes:
I looked, — the blue-eyed goddess there
Stood glorious in the evening air.

She stood and raised her brazen lance,
That glittered like a meteor's beam;
Its light below in quivering dance
Flashed gayly on the ocean stream:
Round her tall casque her plumy crest
Shook with a terrible sign of power,
And the grim Ægis on her breast
Told to the Turk his destined hour;
She spake, — and like the rush of flame
Her voice in awful murmurs came.

"Sons, worthy of your warrior sires!
Yours is the cause of earth and heaven.
Shame to the heart that faints or tires,
Till the last sacrifice is given!
Go fearlessly along your path, —
It mounts to liberty and fame;

Go, with an unrelenting wrath,
And conquer till the Turk is tame;
When the red fires of battle glare,
Remember, — I am with ye there.

"These rocks that rise so rudely round
Were consecrate to me of old;
Here the Athenian sternly bound,
For rapid fight, his mantle's fold:
He saw the Persian tents below;
They filled and blackened all the plain;
He rushed, — and like a torrent's flow,
Swept them, and hurled them to the main:
This was the wrath that made him free,
The fearless wrath of liberty.

"What if a cold and coward world
Leave ye to work your way alone,
Be the new banner never furled
Till liberty is all our own.
Tell them we ask no other aid
Than our own hearts in such a cause;
No, none but Freemen's hands were made
To fight and win for equal laws.
Go, with a firm, confiding breast, —
Go, fight, and win the conqueror's rest."

James Gates Percival.

Tanagra.

CORINNA TO TANAGRA.

TANAGRA! think not I forget
Thy beautifully storied streets;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy,
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

I promise to bring back with me
What thou with transport wilt receive,
The only proper gift for thee,
Of which no mortal shall bereave
In later times thy mouldering walls,
Until the last old turret falls;
A crown, a crown from Athens won,
A crown no God can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
To their own child the honors due,
And look ungently on the Muse;
But ever shall those cities rue
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
Offering no nourishment, no rest,
To that young head which soon shall rise
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where caverned Dirce flows
Do white-armed maidens chant my lay,
Flapping the while with laurel-rose
The honey-gathering tribes away;
And sweetly, sweetly, Attic tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O, let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven; be such my praise!
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.

Walter Savage Landor.

Tempe, the Vale, Thessaly.

TEMPE.

FROM Tempe's vale next ancient Peneus came,
That fertile vale immortalized in fame!
Where Messos' blue-eyed nymphs delight to rove,
Tempe o'erhung with many a circling grove!
The bay's aspiring and straight trunk he brought;

The uprooted beech, with stately branches fraught;
The plane, whose foliage spreads a trembling shade;
The cypress tall, that lifts to heaven its head;
And the fam'd tree, that wept, with sister love,
The youth destroyed by the red bolts of Jove, —
All these he amply wove around the throne,
And varying greens in the gay covert shone.

Catullus. Tr. F. Nott.

TEMPE.

LAPPED in Thessalia's forest-mantled hills
Lies the fair vale of Tempe: down the gorge,
O'ercanopied with groves, old Peneus rolls
From Pindus' foot his waters to the sea,
Wreathing the woods with mist of silvery spray,
And resonant, through many a league around,
With many a fall. There, in the caverned rock
That makes his palace-home, the River-God
Sits sovereign o'er the stream that bears his name
And all its haunting nymphs. And thither throng
The brother-powers of all the neighbor-floods,
Doubtful or to congratulate or condole
The parent's hap: Spercheüs, poplar-crowned, —
Enipeus turbulent, Apidonus
Hoary with age, and smooth Amphrysus came,
And Æas, and the rest, that lead their waves,
Weary with many wanderings, to the sea.

Ovid. Tr. H. King.

TEMPE.

THE smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene.
Fair Tempe! haunt beloved of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They played in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan; while round their coral steps,
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Showered blossoms, odors; showered ambrosial dews,
And spring's elysian bloom.

Mark Akenside.

Thebæ (*Thebes*).

THEBES.

IN whom, O Thebes, of all the host,
In antique days renowned,
That trod thy sacred ground,
Hath thy blest spirit joyed the most?
Whether when first thou gav'st to light
Him, who his seat possesses
Next timbreled Ceres in those regions bright,
Bacchus of wide-clustering tresses?
Or at the night's mid hour,
When in a golden shower
The mightiest of the gods receiving,

Thou brought'st him to Amphitryon's bower,
With that fair bride the Herculean germin leaving?
Or in the ample mind
Of thy Tiresias? or the might
Of Iolaus, warrior knight?
Or theirs, who from the furrows rose,
Clashing their spears in hostile rows?
Or when thou sentest from the stormy fight
Adrastus home to Argian fields again,
Leaving on the battle plain
His myriad friends behind?
Or when that Dorian colony
Thou on their firm-fixed base
Didst in Laconia place;
And Pytho's oracle,
In Amyclæan turrets, gave to dwell
The sons of Ægeus, sprung from thee?

Pindar. Tr. H. F. Cary.

THEBES.

THEBES! who shall weep aright for thee,
No more the valiant and the free?
Thou cradle-land of many a god,
Stoop'st thou beneath a tyrant's rod?
She, — from whose fields together rose
The sworded bands of spell-born foes,
Whose walls to rear, Amphion's tones
Led, as in dance, the charmed stones;
For whom so oft eternal Jove
Hath left his radiant seats above:

To whom in former years was given
To shrine her favorites in heaven;
Who, haply, gods will yet create, —
She bows beneath the cankering weight
Of iron bondage and disgrace.
How are ye fallen, Cadmean race!
Shall a proud outcast vilely spurn
Your freedom's rights, ye dragon-born?
Shall he usurp your country's throne,
A sordid exile from his own?
Whose crimes affront the land and main,
Shall he Herculean Thebes profane?

Seneca. Tr. J. B. Patterson.

Thermopylæ.

THERMOPYLÆ.

WHO at Thermopylæ stood side by side,
And fought together and together died,
Under earth-barrows now are laid in rest,
Their chance thrice-glorious, and their fate thrice-blest:
No tears for them, but memory's loving gaze;
For them no pity, but proud hymns of praise.
Time shall not sweep this monument away, —
Time the destroyer; no, nor dank decay.
This not alone heroic ashes holds;
Greece's own glory this earth-shrine enfolds, —
Leonidas, the Spartan king; a name
Of boundless honor and eternal fame.

Simonides. Tr. M. P. Fitz-Gerald.

Thessalia (*Thessaly*).

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

He made a lyre, and drew therefrom
Music so strange and rich,
That all men loved to hear, — and some
Muttered of fagots for a witch.

But King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well-pleased with being soothed,
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;

And yet unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their firstborn brother as a god.

James Russell Lowell.

Zacynthus (Zante).

TO ZANTE.

FAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!
How many memories of what radiant hours
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
How many scenes of what departed bliss!
How many thoughts of what entombéd hopes!
How many visions of a maiden that is
No more, — no more upon thy verdant slopes!
No more! alas, that magical, sad sound
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please no more,
Thy memory no more! Accurséd ground
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
"Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

Edgar Allan Poe.

TURKEY IN EUROPE,

AND THE PRINCIPALITIES.

TURKEY IN EUROPE,

AND THE PRINCIPALITIES.

Albania.

ALBANIA.

LAND of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he, his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprize:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress-grove within each city's ken.

Lord Byron.

SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus the Hun,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost.

And in rout before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast
Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,
Nor for Baron or Voivode,
As on through the night he rode
And gazed at the fateful stars,
That were shining overhead;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said:
"This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight,
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet-ring,

And said in a voice severe:
"This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle-plain?"

And Iskander answered and said:
"They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains;
And the Scribe said: "What misdeed
Have I done, that, without need,
Thou doest to me this thing?"
And Iskander answering
Said unto him: "Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe!

A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's Pasha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the King;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said:
"Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered: "Write!"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried:
"Now follow whither I ride,

For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen Scribe replied:
"Our pathways here divide;
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar-stroke,
When no one else was near;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear;
And no one saw the deed;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar;
And his heart was merry within,
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,

The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born, —
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said: "O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the Fates design!
King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain,
This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet-ring.
And the Pasha bowed his head,
And after a silence said:
"Allah is just and great!
I yield to the will divine,

The city and lands are thine;
Who shall contend with Fate?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double head;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;
And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is: "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Bosphorus (Straits of Constantinople).

ON A YOUNG BRIDE DROWNED IN THE BOSPHORUS.

STRANGER! shouldst thou to Thessaly return,
Say to my heart's dear lord that here I lie,
Here, where the Bosphor's waves are foaming high,
And bid him near our bower my name inurn, —
So to preserve his young bride's memory.

Agathias. Tr. W. Peter.

THE WAIL AND WARNING OF THE THREE KHALENDEERS.

LA' laha, il Allah!
Here we meet, we three, at length,
Amrah, Osman, Perizad:
Shorn of all our grace and strength,
Poor, and old, and very sad!
We have lived, but live no more;
Life has lost its gloss for us,
Since the days we spent of yore
Boating down the Bosphorus!
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
Old Time brought home no loss for us.
We felt full of health and heart
Upon the foamy Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Days indeed! A shepherd's tent

Served us then for house and fold;
All to whom we gave or lent
Paid us back a thousand-fold.
Troublous years, by myriads wailed,
Rarely had a cross for us,
Never when we gayly sailed,
Singing down the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
There never came a cross for us,
While we daily, gayly sailed
Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
Blithe as birds we flew along,
Laughed and quaffed and stared about;
Wine and roses, mirth and song,
Were what most we cared about.
Fame we left for quacks to seek,
Gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week,
Boating down the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
And gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week,
A-boating down the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
Friends we were, and would have shared
Purses, had we twenty full.
If we spent, or if we spared,

Still our funds were plentiful.
Save the hours we past apart
Time brought home no loss for us;
We felt full of hope and heart
While we clove the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
For life has lost its gloss for us,
Since the days we spent of yore
Upon the pleasant Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Ah! for youth's delirious hours,
Man pays well in after days.
When quenched hopes and palsied powers
Mock his love-and-laughter days.
Thorns and thistles on our path
Took the place of moss for us,
Till false fortune's tempest wrath
Drove us from the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
When thorns took place of moss for us,
Gone was all! Our hearts were graves
Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Gone is all! In one abyss
Lie health, youth, and merriment!
All we 've learned amounts to this, —
Life 's a sad experiment.

What it is we trebly feel
  Pondering what it was for us,
When our shallop's bounding keel
  Clove the joyous Bosphorus.
    La' laha, il Allah!
  The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
  We wail for what life was for us,
When our shallop's bounding keel
  Clove the joyous Bosphorus!

    La' laha, il Allah!
Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
  Save himself to accuse, if her
Temptings prove, when all is done,
  Lures hung out by Lucifer.
Guard your fire in youth, O friends
  Manhood's is but phosphorus,
And bad luck attends and ends
  Boatings down the Bosphorus!
    La' laha, il Allah!
  The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
  Youth's fire soon wanes to phosphorus,
And slight luck or grace attends
  Your boaters down the Bosphorus!

From the Ottoman. Tr. J. C. Mangan.

THE BOSPHORUS REVISITED.

HAS earth a lovelier sight to show
  Than yonder strait whose waters flow
Bordered with vineyards, summer bowers,
White palaces, and ivied towers?

How mellow upon snowy walls
The tranquil light of morning falls;
The various tints how softly blent
On distant hill and battlement;
What gleaming mist half veils the slopes,
Fair as the haze of youthful hopes;
How darkly blue or lucent green
The current in the noonday sheen
Goes by, anon impearled with spray,
Or lingering in some sheltered bay,
Where charmed pavilions skirt the marge,
Where idly floats the fisher's barge,
And ancient plane-trees shade the stream,
Bidding the passer there to dream,
Lapped in the arms of peaceful rest,
As in the Islands of the Blest.

There let my footsteps lead me down
To gaze on palace, tower, and town;
To taste the grape of purple hue,
And peel the fig ice-cool with dew;
To breathe the influence of the clime,
And smoke the lotus of our time;
Watching the white-winged vessels glide
Like flocks of sea-fowl down the tide,
Lulled by the sound of plunging oars
Echoing along the wooded shores,
Or soothed by the eerie wind that roves
With whispers through the slumberous groves,
Or dances through the tossing vines
And sweeps the harp of dark-robed pines,

Low murmuring to the dreamer's ears
The requiem for the dying years.

There let me linger till the rays
Of sunset make the sky ablaze
With vast magnificence that fires
The imperial city's thousand spires.
See, in the west, how, fold on fold,
The clouds are gathered, massive gold;
What glowing purple robes the shore,
Richer than monarchs ever wore;
The hill-tops and the distant isles
Reflect the sun's departing smiles;
The very cypresses that keep
Stern watch above the dead man's sleep
Have caught the glory of the scene,
And woven its purple with their green.
Then twilight's veil steals softly down
O'er ruined tower and droning town;
Lights quiver on the glassy deep,
Ships at their moorings lie asleep,
From festal halls voluptuous strains
Float gently by in soft refrains,
The nightingale's delicious trills
Ring in the covert of the hills;
And hark, upon the swooning air,
The solemn voice that calls to prayer.
But lo! the moon majestic looms
Above the sea, and braids the glooms
Of evening with her argent light,
And summons to my wondering sight

The brave and fair of olden time
Who dwelt in this enchanted clime.
* * *
Then let me tarry here awhile,
O land of roses! in the smile
O' th' Eastern sun; in the serene
Elysian light of midnight's queen;
Thankful that Time — who turns our gold
To ashes, cramps us in a mould
Of social forms, and gives, instead
Of youth's gay garlands crushed and dead,
The abstractions of philosophy,
Too purely cold to satisfy
The ardent, earnest, restless soul
Whose passionate yearnings scorn control —
Has left me still the power to enjoy
The beautiful without alloy.
The fervor of my earlier days
Still warms my bosom when I gaze
On all the lovely and sublime
In this my own, my native clime.
I count among God's choicest gifts
That love of beauty which uplifts
The weary soul above the prose
Of life's routine, its toil and woes;
That subtle spirit of poesy
That joins the soul in harmony
With outward objects, that imbues
The humblest things with magic hues,
Sublimes our nature, and allies
Our mortal being with the skies.

Seymour Green Wheeler Benjamin.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE BASHTARDAH.

"WEIGH anchor!" cried the Padishah,
"Quick! ere the day be a moment older,
And launch the peerless Bashtardah!
No nobler vessel sails or bolder."
Who hear the order must obey: they get the proud one under weigh,
And along her dark blue road she sweeps,
The jewel of the world, behold her!

Walking the Bosphorus like a queen,
Unparalleled and uncontrolled, her
Green flag will centuries hence be seen,
When kiosks and mosques and deereks moulder.
Let Venice galleys menace now, armed all and manned from poop to prow;
There goes the Empress of the Seas!
The jewel of the world, behold her!

Long as her gallant mainmast towers,
Long as the joyous waves uphold her,
So long her crew will dare the Giaours,
Will meet them shoulder up to shoulder;
O, the days of Selim shall return! again the Moslem's breast shall burn,
Pondering what Marmora was of yore,
When rich in such. Our boast, behold her!

Cold is the Captain-Pasha's lay,
But may his heart be even colder,

May his eyes and mouth be filled with clay,
And a winding-sheet be his enfolder,
When he shall see with heedless eye yon glorious
pennon flout the sky!
It is her pennon, there she goes!
The jewel of the world, behold her!

Anonymous.

Constantinople (Byzantium, Stamboul).

THE GREEK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE cypresses of Scutari
In stern magnificence look down
On the bright lake and stream of sea,
And glittering theatre of town:
Above the throng of rich kiosks,
Above the towers in triple tire,
Above the domes of loftiest mosques,
These pinnacles of death aspire.

It is a wilderness of tombs, —
Where white and gold and brilliant hue
Contrast with Nature's gravest glooms,
As these again with heaven's clear blue:
The city's multitudinous hum,
So far, yet strikes the listening ear, —
But what are thousands to the sum
Of millions calmly sleeping here?

For here, whate'er his life's degree,
  The Muslim loves to rest at last,
Loves to recross the band of sea
  That parts him from his people's past.
'T is well to live and lord o'er those
  By whom his sires were most renowned,
But his fierce heart finds best repose
  In this traditionary ground.

From this funereal forest's edge
  I gave my sight full range below,
Reclining on a grassy ledge,
  Itself a grave, or seeming so:
And that huge city flaunting bright,
  That crowded port and busy shore,
With roofs and minarets steeped in light,
  Seemed but a gaudy tomb the more.

I thought of what one might have hoped
  From Greek and Roman power combined,
From strength, that with a world had coped,
  Matched to the queen of human mind;—
From all the wisdom, might, and grace,
  That Fancy's gods to man had given,
Blent in one empire and one race,
  By the true faith in Christ and Heaven.

The finest webs of earthly fate
  Are soonest and most harshly torn;
The wise could scarce discriminate
  That evening splendor from the morn:

Though we, sad students of the past,
Can trace the lurid twilight line
That lies between the first and last,
Who bore the name of Constantine.

Such were my thoughts and such the scene,
When I perceived that by me stood
A Grecian youth of earnest mien,
Well suiting my reflective mood:
And when he spoke, his words were tuned
Harmonious to my present mind,
As if his spirit had communed
With mine, while I had there reclined.

"Stranger! whose soul has strength to soar
Beyond the compass of the eye,
And on a spot like this can more
Than charms of form and hue descry,
Take off this mask of beauty, — scan
The face of things with truth severe, —
Think, as becomes a Christian man,
Of us thy Christian brethren here!

"Think of that age's awful birth,
When Europe echoed, terror-riven,
That a new foot was on the earth,
And a new name come down from Heaven;
When over Calpe's straits and steeps
The Moor had bridged his royal road,
And Othman's sons from Asia's deeps
The conquests of the Cross o'erflowed.

"Think, if the arm of Charles Martel
Had failed upon the plain of Tours,
The fate, whose course you know so well,
This foul subjection had been yours:
Where then had been the long renown
France can from sire to son deliver?
Where English freedom rolling down,
One widening, one continuous river?

"Think with what passionate delight
The tale was told in Christian halls,
How Sobieski turned to flight
The Muslim from Vienna's walls;
How, when his horse triumphant trod
The burgher's richest robes upon,
The ancient words rose loud, — 'From God
A man was sent whose name was John.'

"Think not that time can ever give
Prescription to such doom as ours,
That Grecian hearts can ever live
Contented serfs of barbarous powers;
More than six hundred years had past,
Since Moorish hosts could Spain o'erwhelm,
Yet Boabdil was thrust at last,
Lamenting, from Grenada's realm.

"And if to his old Asian seat,
From this usurped unnatural throne,
The Turk is driven, 't is surely meet
That we again should hold our own:

Be but Byzantium's native sign
Of Cross on Crescent once unfurled,
And Greece shall guard by right divine
The portals of the Eastern world.

"Before the small Athenian band
The Persian myriads stood at bay,
The spacious East lay down unmanned
Beneath the Macedonian's sway:
Alas! that Greek could turn on Greek, —
Fountain of all our woes and shame, —
Till men knew scarcely where to seek
The fragments of the Grecian name.

"Know ye the Romans of the North?
The fearful race whose infant strength
Stretches its arms of conquest forth,
To grasp the world in breadth and length?
They cry, 'That ye and we are old,
And worn with luxuries and cares,
And they alone are fresh and bold,
Time's latest and most honored heirs!

"Alas for you! alas for us!
Alas for men that think and feel,
If once beside this Bosphorus
Shall stamp Sclavonia's frozen heel!
O, place us boldly in the van,
And ere we yield this narrow sea,
The past shall hold within its span
At least one more Thermopylæ."

Lord Houghton.

THE TURK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHEN first the Prophet's standard rested on
The land that once was Greece and still was Rome,
We deemed that his and our dominion
Was there as sure as in our Eastern home:
We never thought a single hour to pause
Till the wide West had owned Mohammed's laws.

How could we doubt it? To one desert tribe
The truth revealed by one plain-seeming man
Cut off the cavil, thundered down the gibe,
And formed a nation to its lofty plan;
What barrier could its wave of victory stem?
Not thy religious walls, Jerusalem!

The impious wars that stained the faithful host
Might for some years the ripe success delay;
But when we once stood firm on Europe's coast,
'T was as the dawning of that final day
That could not close till Islam's flag was furled
O'er the last ruins of the Roman world.

For History is not silent what we did,
Long ere we crushed to dust the Grecian name:
It was no Western to whom Bajazid
Surrendered his long heritage of fame;
The shame of Hungary was not less sure,
Because your victor crouched before Timour.

Hard was the penalty of broken faith,
By Ladislaus paid on Varna's plain;
For many a Knight there met unhonored death,
When, like a god of vengeance, rose again
Old Amurath from his far home, and cried,
"Now Jesus combats on Mohammed's side!"

Nor was the mission of our Master stayed,
When seated safe on this imperial throne;
Witness the wonders wrought before Belgrade,
The fields whose very loss none blushed to own;
Witness St. John's proud island-chevaliers,
Thrust from their lordship of two hundred years.

Thus did we justify the faith by works;
And the bright Crescent haunted Europe's eye,
Till many a pope believed the demon Turks
Would scour the Vatican, ere he could die:
Why was our arm of conquest shortened? Why?
Ask him whose will is o'er us, like the sky.

The dome to heavenly wisdom consecrate
Still echoes with the Muslim's fervent prayers;
The just successor of the Khaleefate
Still on his brow the sign of empire wears;
We hold our wealth without reserve or fear,
And yet we know we are but tented here.

Millions of Christians bend beneath our rule,
And yet these realms are neither theirs nor ours,
Sultan and subject are alike the tool

Of Europe's ready guile or banded powers;
Against the lords of continent and sea
What can one nation do, one people be?

Therefore regardless of the moment's shame,
Of wives' disdain, and children's thoughtless woe,
Of Christian triumph o'er the Prophet's name,
Of Russia's smile beneath her mask of snow,
Let us return to Asia's fair domain,
Let us in truth possess the East again!

Men of the West! Ye understand us not,
We you no more: ye take our good for ill;
Ye scorn what we esteem man's happiest lot,—
Perfect submission to creative will;
Ye would rejoice to watch from us depart
Our ancient temperance, our peace of heart.

Let us return! if long we linger here,
Ye will destroy us, not with open swords,
Not with such arms as brave men must not fear,
But with the poisoned shafts of subtle words;
Your blank indifference for our living creed
Would make us paltry Infidels indeed.

What can ye give us for a faith so lost?
For love of duty, and delight in prayer?
How are we wiser that our minds are tost
By winds of knowledge on a sea of care?
How are we better that we hardly fear
To break the laws our fathers held most dear?

Aping your customs, we have changed e'en now
The noble garb in nature's wisdom given,
And turban that, on every Muslim's brow,
Was as a crown at once for earth and heaven; —
The sword, with which the sire Byzantium won,
Sleeps in yon deep unwielded by the son.

Let us return! across the fatal strait
Our fathers' shadows welcome us once more;
Back to the glories of the Khaleefate,
Back to the faith we loved, the dress we wore,
When in one age the world could well contain
Haroòn Er-Rasheed and your Charlemagne!

Lord Houghton.

THE EMPIRE OF THE EAST.

HAIL to the glorious morning
When the Cross again shall shine
On the summit of Saint Sophia,
O city of Constantine!
And that day of sack and slaughter
When the wild, despairing cries
Of "Kyrie Eleison!" fainter
Went wailing up to the skies,
Shall be lost in the splendid triumph
As the Church reclaims her own,
And the Patriarch welcomes our Lord the Czar
To the Cæsars' ancient throne!

In the sky of the south, at midnight,
We have seen God's flaming sign,
And we know he will drive the Moslem horde,
As chaff, from his sacred shrine!
Silent will be the muezzin
As the sun on Asia sets;
Folded the crescent banner;
Crumbled the minarets.

Then in the grand Cathedral
Victorious chants we'll raise,
While the saints look down with loving eyes,
And the gems of the altar blaze.
Hail to the day when the Eagles
And the Cross shall gain their own,
As the Patriarch welcomes our Lord the Czar
To the Cæsars' ancient throne!

Edna Dean Proctor.

BELISARIUS.

I AM poor and old and blind;
The sun burns me, and the wind
Blows through the city gate,
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,

As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan,
Like snow-drifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch

Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced, —
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see forever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear; — I still
Am Belisarius!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN THE CHIOSK OF THE BRITISH PALACE, AT PERA, OVERLOOKING CONSTANTINOPLE, DECEMBER 26, 1718.

HERE summer reigns with one eternal smile,
Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil;
Fair fertile fields, to whom indulgent Heaven
Has every charm of every season given.
No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,
The springing flowers no coming winter fear.
But as the parent rose decays and dies,
The infant buds with brighter colors rise,
And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.
Near them the violet grows with odors blest,
And blooms in more than Tyrian purple drest;
The rich jonquils their golden beams display,
And shine in glory's emulating day;
The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,
The streams still murmur, undefiled with rain,
And towering greens adorn the fruitful plain.
The warbling kind uninterrupted sing,
Warmed with enjoyments of perpetual spring.
Here, at my window, I at once survey
The crowded city and resounding sea;
In distant views the Asian mountains rise,
And lose their snowy summits in the skies;
Above these mountains proud Olympus towers,
The parliamental seat of heavenly powers!
New to the sight, my ravished eyes admire
Each gilded crescent and each antique spire,
The marble mosques, beneath whose ample domes

Fierce warlike sultans sleep in peaceful tombs;
Those lofty structures, once the Christians' boast,
Their names, their beauty, and their honors lost;
Those altars bright with gold and sculpture graced,
By barbarous zeal of savage foes defaced;
Sophia alone her ancient name retains,
Though the unbeliever now her shrine profanes;
Where holy saints have died in sacred cells,
Where monarchs prayed, the frantic dervise dwells.
How art thou fallen, imperial city, low!
Where are thy hopes of Roman glory now?
Where are thy palaces by prelates raised?
Where Grecian artists all their skill displayed,
Before the happy sciences decayed:
So vast, that youthful kings might here reside,
So splendid, to content a patriarch's pride;
Convents where emperors professed of old,
The labored pillars that their triumphs told;
Vain monuments of them that once were great,
Sunk undistinguished by one common fate;
One little spot the tenure small contains,
Of Greek nobility the poor remains.
Where other Helens, with like powerful charms,
Had once engaged the warring world in arms;
Those names which royal ancestors can boast,
In mean mechanic arts obscurely lost;
Those eyes a second Homer might inspire,
Fixed at the loom, destroy their useless fire;
Grieved at a view, which struck upon my mind
The short-lived vanity of humankind.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Dardanelles (*Hellespont*).

THE MARCH OF XERXES.

WHEN in the wantonness of kingly pride,
Vain Xerxes spurred his war-horse through the tide,
And bore his fleet o'er mountain-tops, — e'en there
The Eternal bade his evil heart despair:
O'er Hellespont and Athos' marble head,
More than a god he came, less than a man he fled.

Luigi Alamanni. Tr. Sir Aubrey de Vere.

XERXES.

IN gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New powers are claimed, new powers are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
The insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,

A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
The incumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

Samuel Johnson.

XERXES AT THE HELLESPONT.

"CALM is now that stormy water, — it has learned
to fear my wrath:
Lashed and fettered, now it yields me for my hosts an
easy path!"
Seven long days did Persia's monarch on the Helles-
pontine shore,
Throned in state, behold his armies without pause de-
filing o'er;
Only on the eighth the rearward to the other side were
past, —
Then one haughty glance of triumph far as eye could
reach he cast;
Far as eye could reach he saw them, multitudes
equipped for war, —
Medians with their bows and quivers, linkéd armor and
tiar:
From beneath the sun of Afric, from the snowy hills
of Thrace,
And from India's utmost borders, nations gathered in
one place:
At a single mortal's bidding all this pomp of war un-
furled, —
All in league against the freedom and the one hope of
the world!

"What though once some petty trophies from my captains thou hast won,
Think not, Greece, to see another such a day as Marathon:
Wilt thou dare await the conflict, or in battle hope to stand,
When the lord of sixty nations takes himself his cause in hand?
Lo! they come, and mighty rivers, which they drink of once, are dried;
And the wealthiest cities beggared, that for them one meal provide.
Powers of number by their numbers infinite are overborne,
So I measure men by measure, as a husbandman his corn.
Mine are all, — this sceptre sways them, — mine is all in every part!"
And he named himself most happy, and he blessed himself in heart, —
Blessed himself, but on that blessing tears abundant followed straight,
For that moment thoughts came o'er him of man's painful brief estate:
Ere a hundred years were finished, where would all those myriads be?
Hellespont would still be rolling his blue waters to the sea;
But of all those countless numbers, not one living would be found, —
A dead host with their dead monarch, silent in the silent ground.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I SAW him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him, —
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean, — its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth, — and saw from east to west
His bannered millions meet;
While rock and glen and cave and coast
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring, —
He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next alone: nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He who with heaven contended

Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind, the foe; before, the wave.

He stood — fleet, army, treasure, gone —
Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare.
What a revenge, — a trophy, this, —
For thee, immortal Salamis!

Maria Jane Jewsbury.

THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER.

SING, Muse! the conscious torch, whose nightly ray
Led the bold lover through the watery way,
To share those joys which mutual faith hath sealed,
Joys to divine Aurora unrevealed.
Abydos, Sestos, ancient towns, proclaim,
Where gentlest bosoms glowed with purest flame.
I hear Leander dash the foaming tide!
Fixed high in air, I see the glimmering guide!
The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,
Signal of joy that burned serenely bright;
Whose beams, in fair effulgency displayed,
Adorned the nuptials of the Sestian maid:
Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,
Should plant, all-glorious, in the realms of day,

To blaze forever midst the stars above,
And style it gentle harbinger of Love.
Against Abydos sea-beat Sestos stood,
Two neighboring towns, divided by the flood:
Here Cupid proved his bow's unerring art,
And gained two conquests with a single dart:
On two fond hearts the sweet infection preyed,
A youth engaging and a beauteous maid:
Of Sestos she, fair Hero was her name;
The youth, Leander, from Abydos came.
Their forms divine a bright resemblance bore,
Each was the radiant star of either shore.

Musæus. Tr. F. Fawkes.

HERO AND LEANDER.

MARK ye how yon time-worn towers,
In the golden noontide hours,
Greet each other o'er the straits,
Where the Hellespont rolls thundering
Through the Dardanelles, wide sundering
In his march their rocky gates?
Hear ye how the stormy surges,
Moaning, lash the naked rock,
Asia's coast from Europe rending?
Love fears not their sullen shock.

Long had Hero and Leander,
Pierced by Love's resistless arrow,
Nursed a sweet and secret pang;
Hero, fair as Hebe blooming,

He, through wild and mountain roaming,
Where the chase tumultuous rang.
Fearful feuds, their sires dividing,
Frowned upon the lovers' bliss,
And the fruit of sweet affection
Hung o'er danger's wild abyss.

There, on Sestos' rocky tower,
Where tempestuously each hour
Wild the Euxine moans and swells,
Sat the maiden, lone and weary,
Gazing o'er the waters dreary,
Where the fondly loved one dwells.
Ah, no bridge across those billows
Shall her trembling footsteps stay;
No bold vessel stems the surges;
Love alone hath found the way.

* * *

Darkly now the waves were flowing,
And she bade the torch bright-glowing
From the lofty window gleam.
The lone swimmer, faint and weary,
Mid the waste of waters dreary
Soon shall hail its guiding beam.
Wildly curl the blackening billows;
Every star is quenched on high,
And the moan of sullen breakers
Hoarsely speaks the tempest nigh.

Wide o'er Pontus' plains extending
Night now broods, and floods descending

Burst from every angry cloud;
Forked lightnings rend the heavens,
And from out their rocky caverns
All the storms howl wild and loud.
Now the gloomy, giant billows
To the skies in fury swell,
And now yawn the deep abysses,
Like the hungry jaws of Hell.

* * *

And the tempest's wild lash urges
Mountain-high the thundering surges
Up the cliff and o'er the rock;
Sullen moan the whitening breakers;
E'en the oak-ribbed vessel staggers,
Nor unshattered 'scapes the shock.
Flickering in the wind that moment,
Dies the torch's beacon-light;
And the billows and the landing
With wild horrors mock the sight.

* * *

And the wild winds cease their blowing,
And the steeds of Morn, bright-glowing,
Climb their eastern path on high.
Peaceful on his bed old Ocean
Flows along with shining motion,
Smiling to the smiling sky.
And the waves with gentlest whisper
Greet the rock and kiss the strand;
And at length a corpse comes floating
In their light wake up the sand.

Ay, 't is he, — one glance reveals him, —
He, who e'en in death is faithful!
Faithful to his solemn vow!
Not a groan, — no sigh she utters, —
Not a tear her pale cheek moistens, —
Marble-cold she stands there now.
O'er the dreary deep she gazes,
Looks despairing to the sky,
And a kindling fire illumines
Her pale cheek and fading eye.

* * *

In the breeze her loose robes flutter, —
From the battlement she plunges
Down into the sounding wave;
And the God of ocean proudly
Bears on high the holy corpses,
And himself prepares their grave.
Then triumphantly the billows
With their proud prey onward sweep,
From the never-failing fountains
Of the unfathomable deep.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

COME hither, all sweet maidens soberly,
Down-looking aye, and with a chastened light
Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joined be,
As if so gentle that ye could not see,

Untouched, a victim of your beauty bright,
Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
Sinking bewildered mid the dreary sea:
'T is young Leander toiling to his death;
Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips
For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
O horrid dream! see how his body dips
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile:
He 's gone; up bubbles all his amorous breath!

John Keats.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BUT he, Leander, almost half across,
Threw his blithe locks behind him with a toss,
And hailed the light victoriously, secure
Of clasping his kind love, so sweet and sure;
When suddenly, a blast, as if in wrath,
Sheer from the hills, came headlong on his path;
Then started off; and driving round the sea,
Dashed up the panting waters roaringly.
The youth at once was thrust beneath the main
With blinded eyes, but quickly rose again,
And with a smile at heart, and stouter pride,
Surmounted, like a god, the rearing tide.
But what? The torch gone out! So long too! See,
He thinks it comes! Ah, yes, — 't is she! 't is she!
Again he springs; and though the winds arise
Fiercer and fiercer, swims with ardent eyes;
And always, though with ruffian waves dashed hard,
Turns thither with glad groan his stout regard;

And always, though his sense seems washed away,
Emerges, fighting towards the cordial ray.

But driven about at last, and drenched the while,
The noble boy loses that inward smile.
For now, from one black atmosphere, the rain
Sweeps into stubborn mixture with the main;
And the brute wind, unmuffling all its roar,
Storms; and the light, gone out, is seen no more.
Then dreadful thoughts of death, of waves heaped on him,
And friends and parting daylight rush upon him.
He thinks of prayers to Neptune and his daughters,
And Venus, Hero's queen, sprung from the waters;
And then of Hero only, — how she fares,
And what she 'll feel, when the blank morn appears;
And at that thought he stiffens once again
His limbs, and pants, and strains, and climbs — in vain.
Fierce draughts he swallows of the wilful wave,
His tossing hands are lax, his blind look grave,
Till the poor youth (and yet no coward he)
Spoke once her name, and, yielding wearily,
Wept in the middle of the scornful sea.

I need not tell how Hero, when her light
Would burn no longer, passed that dreadful night;
How she exclaimed, and wept, and could not sit
One instant in one place; nor how she lit
The torch a hundred times, and when she found
'T was all in vain, her gentle head turned round

Almost with rage; and in her fond despair
She tried to call him through the deafening air.

But when he came not, — when from hour to hour
He came not, — though the storm had spent its power,
And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white,
She went up to the tower, and straining out
To search the seas, downwards, and round about,
She saw at last, — she saw her lord indeed
Floating, and washed about, like a vile weed; —
On which such strength of passion and dismay
Seized her, and such an impotence to stay,
That from the turret, like a stricken dove,
With fluttering arms she leaped, and joined her drowned love.

Leigh Hunt.

THE HELLESPONT.

WAVE unto shore in an embrace
Doth ever rue;
The dawn to cheer the wild-flower's face
Distils the dew.
The wind of evening makes its moan
To cypress-tree;
To terebinth the turtle low
Plains mournfully.

When all save grief hath found repose,
The moon doth speak,

And to the dormant waves disclose
Her pallid cheek.
Sophia, thy white dome doth seem
To greet blue heaven;
And pensively the heaven's calm dream
To God is given.

Or dove or rose, or wave or tomb,
Or rock or tree;
All here below hath somewhere room
Itself to free;
But I, alone, am all alone,
And there is naught
Save, Hellespont, thy sombre tone
Gives back my thought!

Théophile Gautier. Tr. C. F. Bates.

DARDANELLES.

FAR, far away across the sea,
In the still hours when I sit dreaming
Often and often I voyage in seeming;
And sad is the heart I bear with me,
Far, far away across the sea.

Yonder, toward the Dardanelles
I follow the vessels disappearing,
Slender masts to the sky uprearing;
Follow her whom I love so well,
Yonder toward the Dardanelles.

With the great clouds I go astray;
  These by the shepherd wind are driven
  Across the shining stars of heaven
In snowy flocks, and go their way,
And with the clouds I go astray.

I take the pinions of the swallow,
  For the fair weather ever yearning,
  And swiftly to the sun returning;
So swiftly I my darling follow
Upon the pinions of the swallow.

Homesickness hath my heart possessed,
  For now she treads an alien strand;
  And for that unknown fatherland
I long, as a bird for her nest.
Homesickness hath my heart possessed.

From wave to wave the salt sea over,
  Like a pale corpse I always seem
  On floating, in a deathlike dream,
Even to the feet of my sweet lover,
From wave to wave the salt sea over.

Now am I lying on the shore
  Till my love lifts me mutely weeping,
  And takes me in her tender keeping,
And lays her hand my still heart o'er,
And calls me from the dead once more.

I clasp her close and hold her long.
  "O, I have suffered sore," I cry,

"But now we will no longer die!"
Like drowning men's my grasp is strong;
I clasp her close and hold her long.

Far, far away across the sea,
In the still hours when I sit dreaming,
Often and often I voyage in seeming;
And sad is the heart I bear with me,
Far, far away across the sea.

Théodore Aubanel. Tr. H. W. Preston.

Kacelyevo.

THE LAST REDOUBT.

KACELYEVO'S slope still felt
The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt;
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried.
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second, — a third straight filled his place;
The third, — and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
His head erect and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"It cannot be held; 't is no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt;
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled: but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone;

As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely and soft and round,
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade, —
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'t is an infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!

"Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

Alfred Austin.

Moldavia.

ADIEU TO MOLDAVIA.

COUNTRY dear and beautiful;
O Moldavia, my beloved!
Whoever departs and leaves thee
Is struck with heavy grief,
For, floating in soft visions
On thy breast, as in a paradise,
Sweet is life with thee,
Like a sweet day in May!

I leave thee, loved country,
I take myself away from thy sky;
But with my soul in mourning,
I weep bitterly, bitterly sigh.

Sad now at parting,
I am seized with shivering;
And now every sweet illusion
For me is extinguished.

Who knows, who knows
Whether, driven by the wind of fate,
I shall return in joyousness
To kiss thy soil!
If I shall see once again
Thy echoing mountains,
Which, with uplifted heads,
Lose themselves proudly amid the clouds,

And thy forests of verdure,
Where flow and gently whisper
The cool rills that give life,
The songs that tell of regret.
And thy sky that smiles
To the soul of the Rouman,
And all that loves me,
And all that I love!

Here is the hour of setting forth;
Here is the very bitter hour!
Joy and happiness,
I leave them on thy frontier,
And my soul says to thee:
"O Moldavia! that I mourn for,
Adieu! remain happy,
That I may again find thee happy."

From the Roumanian. Tr. H. Stanley.

Montenegro.

MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight

By thousands down the crags and through the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

Alfred Tennyson.

Samothrace (Samothraki), the Island.

THE GARDEN IN SAMOTHRACE.

SUCH was that shady garden. Near flowed forth
A fountain with two springs, whence all might draw
Perennial waters cool; in many a rill
Thence had the skilful gardener trained along
From plant to plant the winding wandering stream.
As though by Phœbus sent, the gentle fount
Went, softly murmuring round the laurel's root.
Each on his marble pedestal stood round
Many a tall youth, all subtly wrought in gold;
Each held a lamp, that threw its mellow light
O'er the evening banquet. Rows of mimic dogs
Were scattered in the vestibule, and seemed
With open mouths, though mute, to bay; each hound
Of silver and of gold alternate stood,
As on their master fawning. Each at once,

As Cadmus passed, appeared, with welcoming bay
Harmonious, to salute the godlike man,
And quiver with delight the unmoving tail.

Nonnus. Tr. H. H. Milman.

Sarajevo.

THE DANCE.

OMER'S court is near to Sarajevo;
All around it is a woody mountain:
In the midst there is a verdant meadow;
There the maidens dance their joyous Kolo.
In the Kolo there is Damian's loved one;
O'er the Kolo her fair head uprises,
Rises gay and lustrous in her beauty.
Midst the Kolo Nicholas addressed her:
"Veil your face, thou Damian's best beloved!
For to-day death's summons waits on Damian.
Half thy face veil over, lovely maiden!"
Hardly the prophetic words were uttered,
Ere a gun was heard from the green forest;
Damian, wounded, fell amidst the Kolo,—
Damian fell, and thus his love addressed him:
"O my Damian! O my sun of springtime!
Wherefore, wherefore didst thou shine so brightly,
Thus so soon to sink behind the mountain?"
"My beloved! O thou rose all beauteous!
Wherefore didst thou bloom so fair, so lovely,
And I never can enjoy, nor wear thee?"

From the Servian. Tr. J. Bowring.

Servia.

BATTLE OF KOSSOVO.

At the battle of Kossovo (15th June, 1389) Lazarus, the last Servian Knès, was destroyed, with his army, by the Sultan Amurath the First.

I.

THE Sultan Murad o'er Kossovo comes
With banners and drums.

There, all in characters fair,
He wrote a letter; and there
Bade his estaffettes despatch
To bear it to Krouchevatch,
To the white-walled town of the Tzar,
To the hands of Prince Lazar.
"Listen, Lazarus, chief of the Serbs, to me!
That which never hath been, that which never shall be,
Is that two lords one land should sway,
And the same rayas two tributes pay.
Send to me, therefore, the tributes and keys;
The golden keys of each white town;
And send me a seven years' tribute with these.
But if this thou wilt not do,
Then come thou down over Kossovo:
On the field of Kossovo come thou down,
That we may divide the land with our swords.
These are my words."

When Lazarus this letter had read,
Bitter, bitter were the tears he shed.

II.

A gray bird, a falcon, comes flying apace
From Jerusalem, from the Holy Place;
And he bears a light swallow abroad.
It is not a gray bird, a falcon, God wot!
But the Saint Elias; and it is not
A light swallow he bears from afar,
But a letter from the Mother of God
To the Tzar who in Kossovo stays.
And the letter is dropt on the knees of the Tzar;
And these are the words that it says: —

"Lazarus, Prince of a race that I love,
Which empire choosest thou, —
That of the heaven above,
Or that of the earth below?
If thou choose thee an earthly realm,
Saddle horse, belt, spur, and away!
Warriors, bind ye both sabre and helm,
And rush on the Turks, and they
With their army whole shall perish.
But, if rather a heavenly crown thou cherish,
At Kossovo build ye a temple fair.
There no foundations of marble lay,
But only silk of the scarlet dye.
Range ye the army in battle array,
And let each and all full solemnly

Partake of the blesséd sacrament there.
For then of a certainty know
Ye shall utterly perish, both thou,
And thine army all; and the Turk shall be
Lord of the land that is under thee."

When the Tzar he read these words,
His thoughts were as long and as sharp as swords.
"God of my fathers, what shall I choose?
If a heavenly empire, then must I lose
All that is dearest to me upon earth;
But if that the heavenly here I refuse,
What then is the earthly worth?
It is but a day,
It passeth away,
And the glory of earth full soon is o'er,
And the glory of God is more and more.

"What is this world's renown?"
(His heart was heavy, his soul was stirred.)
"Shall an earthly empire be preferred
To an everlasting crown?
At Kossovo build me a temple fair:
Lay no foundations of marble down,
But only silk of the scarlet dye."
Then he sent for the Servian Patriarch:
With him twelve bishops to Kossovo went.
It was at the lifting of the dark:
They ranged the army in battle array,
And the army all full solemnly
Received the blessed sacrament,

And hardly was this done, when lo!
The Turks came rushing on Kossovo.

III.

"Ivan Kossantchitch, my pobratime,
What of the Turk? How deem ye of him?
Is he strong, is he many, is he near?
Our battle, say! may we show him?
May we hope to overthrow him?
What news of him bringest thou here?"

And Ivan Kossantchitch replied:
"Milosch Obìlitch, my brother dear,
I have lookt on the Turk in his pride.
He is strong, he is many, he is near,
His tents are on every side.
Were we all of us hewn into morsels, and salted,
Hardly, I think, should we salt him his meat.
Two whole days have I journeyed, nor halted,
Toward the Turk, near the Turk, round him, and never
Could I number his numbers, or measure his end.
From Eràble to Sazlia, brother, my feet
Have wandered; from Sazlia round by the river,
Where the river comes round to the bridge with a bend;
And over the bridge to the town of Zvétchan;
From Zvétchan to Tchéchan, and further, and ever
Further, and over the mountains, wherever
Foot may fall, or eye may scan,
I saw naught but the Mussulman.

"Eastward and westward, and southward and nor'ward,
Scaling the hillside, and scathing the gorse,
Horseman to horseman, and horse against horse;
Lances like forests when forests are black;
Standards like clouds flying backward and forward,
White tents like snowdrifts piled up at the back.
The rain may, in torrents, fall down out of heaven,
But never the earth will it reach:
Nothing but horsemen, nothing but horses,
Thick as the sands which the wild river-courses
Leave, after tempest, in heaps on the beach.
Murad, for pasture, hath given
To his horsemen the plain of Mazguite.
Lances a-ripple all over the land,
Tost like the bearded and billowy wheat
By the winds of the mountain driven
Under the mountain slab.
Murad looks down in command
Over Sitnitza and Lab."

"Answer me, Ivan, answer ye me,
Where may the tent of Murad be?
His milk-white tent, may one see it afar
O'er the plain, from the mountain, or out of the wood?
For I have sworn to the Prince Lazar
A solemn vow upon Holy Rood,
To bring him the head of the Turkish Tzar,
And set my feet in his infidel blood."

"Art mad, my pobratime, art mad?
Where may the tent be, the tent of Murad?

In the midst of a million eyes and ears:
In the midst of a million swords and spears,
In the heart of the camp of the Turk.
Fatal thy vow is, and wild is the work;
For hadst thou the wings of a falcon, to fly
Fleeter than lightning, along the deep sky,
The wings of the falcon, though fleet be they,
Would never bear thee thy body away."

* * *

VI.

Now, when the dawn from her red bower
Upclomb the chilly skies, and, all
Athwart the freshening city tower,
The silent light began to fall
About the breezy yellow flower
That shook on the shadowy city wall,
Militza, through the glimmering streets,
Goes forth against the Eastern gate.
There, all i' the morning light, she meets
The army on to the distant down,
Winding out of the dusky town,
To mantle the field in martial state,
And trample the dew-drop out of the grass.
O brothers, a goodly sight it was!
With curtle-axe, in complete steel,
So many a warrior, lusty and leal,
So many a spearman, stout and true,
Marching to battle in order due.
And foremost among that stately throng,

With, over his helmet's golden boss,
Floating plumes of the purple rich,
The gallant Bocko Yougovitch
Bearing the standard of the Cross.
All blazing gold his corselet beamed,
Imperial purple fold on fold,
The mighty Christian ensign streamed
Over his red-roan courser bold;
And high upon the standard top
Against the merry morning gleamed
An apple wrought of purest gold;
Thereon the great gold cross, from which,
All glittering downward, drop by drop,
Great golden acorns, lightly hung,
Over his shining shoulder flung
Flashes of light o'er Yougovitch.

* * *

VII.

All when the misty morn was low,
And the rain was raining heavily,
Two ravens came from Kossovo,
Flying along a lurid sky:
One after one, they perched upon
The palace of the great Lazar,
And sat upon the turret wall.
One 'gan croak, and one 'gan call,
"Is this the palace of the Tzar?
And is there never a soul inside?"

Was never a soul within the hall,
To answer to the ravens' call,
Save Militza. She espied
The two black birds on the turret wall,
That all in the wind and rain did croak,
And thus the ravens she bespoke:
"In God's great name, black ravens, say,
Whence came ye on the wind to-day?
Is it from the plain of Kossovo?
Hath the bloody battle broke?
Saw ye the two armies there?
Have they met? And, friend or foe,
Which hath vanquisht? How do they fare?"

And the two black fowls replied:
"In God's great name, Militza, dame,
From Kossovo at dawn we came.
A bloody battle we espied:
We saw the two great armies there,
They have met, and ill they fare.
Fallen, fallen, fallen are
The Turkish and the Christian Tzar.
Of the Turks is nothing left;
Of the Serbs a remnant rests,
Hackt and hewn, carven and cleft,
Broken shields, and bloody breasts."
And lo! while yet the ravens spoke,
Up came the servant, Miloutine:
And he held his right hand, cleft
By a ghastly sabre stroke,
Bruised and bloody, in his left;

Gasht with gashes seventeen
Yawned his body where he stood,
And his horse was dripping blood.

* * *

Then when the servant, Miloutine,
Three draughts had drained of rosy wine,
Although his eyes were waxing dim,
A little strength came back to him.
He stood up on his feet, and, pale
And ghastly, thus began the tale:

"They will never return again,
Never return! ye shall see them no more;
Nor ever meet them within the door,
Nor hold their hands. Their hands are cold,
Their bodies bleach in bloody mould.
They are slain! all of them slain!
And the maidens shall mourn, and the mothers deplore,
Heaps of dead heroes on battle-plain.
Where they fell there they remain,
Corpses stiff in their gore.
But their glory shall never grow old.
Fallen, fallen, in mighty war,
Fallen, fighting about the Tzar,
Fallen, where fell our lord Lazar!
Nevermore be there voice of cheer!
Nevermore be there song or dance!
Muffled be moon and star!
For broken now is the lance,
Shivered both shield and spear,
And shattered the scimitar.

And cleft is the golden crown,
And the sun of Servia is down,
O'erthrown, o'erthrown, o'erthrown,
The roof and top of our renown,
Dead is the great Lazar!

"Have ye seen when the howling storm-wind takes
The topmost pine on a hoary rock,
Tugs at it, and tears and shakes and breaks,
And tumbles it into the ocean?
So when this bloody day began,
In the roaring battle's opening shock,
Down went the gray-haired Youg Bogdan.
And, following him, the noblest man
That ever wore the silver crown
Of age, grown gray in old renown.
One after one, and side by side,
Fighting, thy nine brothers died:
Each by other, brother brother
Following, till death took them all.
But of these nine the last to fall
Was Bocko. Him, myself, I saw,
Three awful hours, — a sight of awe,
Here and there and everywhere
And all at once, made manifest,
Like a wild meteor in a troubled air,
Whose motion never may be guest.
For over all the lurid rack
Of smoking battle blazed and burned,
And streamed and flasht,
Like flame before the wind upturned

With great imperial ensign splasht
With blood of Turks: where'er he dasht
Amongst their bruised battalions, I
Saw them before him reel and fly:
As when a falcon from on high
Pounce on a settle-down of doves,
That murmurs make in myrrhy groves,
Comes flying all across the sky,
And scatters them with instant fright;
So flew the Turks to left and right,
Broken before him. Milosch fell,
Pursued by myriads down the dell,
Upon Sitnitza's rushy brink,
Whose chilly waves will roll, I think,
So long as time itself doth roll,
Red with remorse that they roll o'er him.
Christ have mercy on his soul,
And blesséd be the womb that bore him.
Not alone he fell. Before him
Twelve thousand Turkish soldiers fell,
Slaughtered in the savage dell.
His right hand was wet and red
With the blood that he had shed,
And in that red right hand he had
(Shorn from the shoulder sharp) the head
Of the Turkish Tzar, Murad.

"There resteth to Servia a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old;
There remaineth to Servia a story,
A tale to be chanted and told!

They are gone to their graves grim and gory,
The beautiful, brave, and bold;
But out of the darkness and desolation,
Of the mourning heart of a widowed nation,
Their memory waketh an exultation!
Yea, so long as a babe shall be born,
Or there resteth a man in the land —
So long as a blade of corn
Shall be reapt by a human hand —
So long as the grass shall grow
On the mighty plain of Kossovo —
So long, so long, even so,
Shall the glory of those remain
Who this day in battle were slain.

* * *

And doubt ye, doubt ye, the tale I tell?
Ask of the dead, for the dead know well;
Let them answer ye, each from his mouldy bed,
For there is no falsehood among the dead:
And there be twelve thousand dead men know,
Who betrayed the Tzar at Kossovo."

Robert, Lord Lytton.

PRINCE EUGENE.

PRINCE EUGENE, our noble leader,
Made a vow in death to bleed, or
Win the Emperor back Belgrade:
"Launch pontoons, let all be ready

To bear our ordnance safe and steady
Over the Danube," — thus he said.

There was mustering on the border
When our bridge in marching order
Breasted first the roaring stream:
Then at Sembin, vengeance breathing,
We encamped to scourge the heathen
Back to Mahood, and fame redeem.

'T was on August one and twenty,
Scouts with glorious tidings plenty
Galloped in through storm and rain;
Turks they swore three hundred thousand,
Marched to give our Prince a rouse, and
Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's headquarters
That our fine old fighting Tartars,
Generals and field-marshals all,
Every point of war debated,
Each in his turn the signal waited
Forth to march and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager
When the word sped round our leaguer:
"Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-night,
Then bold hearts sound boot and saddle,
Stand to your arms and on to battle,
Every one that has hands to fight!"

Musketeers, horse, yägers, forming,
Sword in hand, each bosom warming,
Still as death we all advance;
Each prepared, come blows or booty,
German-like to do our duty,
Joining hands in the gallant dance.

Our cannoneers, those tough old heroes,
Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,
Firing ordnance great and small;
Right and left our cannon thundered
Till the Pagans quaked and wondered,
And by platoons began to fall.

On the right, like a lion angered,
Bold Eugene cheered on the vanguard;
Ludovic spurred up and down,
Crying, "On, boys, every hand to 't,
Brother Germans, nobly stand to 't,
Charge them home for our old renown!"

Gallant Prince, he spoke no more; he
Fell in early youth and glory,
Struck from his horse by some curst ball:
Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,
For a brother's love he bore him,
Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes;
Cannon peals and musket flashes
O'er his grave due honors paid:

Then the old Black Eagle flying,
All the Pagan powers defying,
On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

From the German. Tr. J. Hughes.

SERVIA.

WHERE now the Servian and the Turk,
Born foes, as slave and master are,
Are at their grim old murderous work,
Grappling in most unequal war,
Six hundred years ago, or more,
The land was wasted, as to-day,
Overrun, as when the shore gives way
And the wild waves devour the shore,
By Tartar tribes as wild as they,
The barbarous horde of Genghis Khan,
Who scourged mankind as never man
Before or since, as if he were
Hell-sent to pitch his dark pavilions
Upon the grave of slaughtered millions,
And make the earth a sepulchre!
Down from the steppes of Tartary
His countless thousands swept for years, —
His long-haired horsemen with their spears,
His bowmen with their arrows keen;
Such pitiless fiends were never seen
Till then, and worst of all was he,
Destruction's self, whose iron tread
Shook kingdoms: peaceful peoples lay
Secure before him in Cathay;

He passed that way and they were dead!
Across the swift, swollen winter rivers,
Across the hot, parched summer sands,
With bended bows and bristling quivers,
And spears and scimitars in their hands,
Rushed Tartar, Mongol, Turkoman,
To do the bidding of Genghis Khan, —
Through Russia, Poland, down to where
Morava is; they halted there.
Before they came there was — if not
Perpetual peace, which nowhere reigns,
So darkly Nature shapes our ends —
There still were times when men forgot
They had been foes, and might be friends,
Having the same blood in their veins.
Princes and peoples prospered. Now —
How do we track the savage sea,
When its spent waves no longer roar,
But by their ravage of the shore
Whose once tall cliffs have ceased to be?
Such was the track of Genghis Khan,
Who from his boyhood overran
The lands, and made their rulers bow
To his imperious will or whim,
As if the world belonged to him.
Temples and towers were trampled down,
Were pillaged, and were set on fire;
Pagoda, mosque, and Christian spire,
The great walled city, little town,
The herdsman's hut, the monarch's hall, —
He pillaged and destroyed them all:

* * *

The work of death was never done,
For everywhere along their track
Were flights of vultures; everywhere
The wolves came trooping from their lair,—
Came famished, and went glutted back.
The smoke of battle dimmed the sun,
And darkness like a funeral pall
Was on the ruins,—all were black,
Save when the embers smouldered red:
It was as if the Earth were dead,
And they heaped ashes on her head!
They halted in Morava. Nay,
They were defeated there and then,
By Slavic chiefs and Slavic men,—
Warriors more desperate than they,
Whose spears and lances cleft their way
To where their horsemen were at bay,
And horse and rider rolled in dust;
And whose sharp swords with lightning thrust,
Ringing on helmet, armor, shield,
Pierced, clove, until they turned and fled,
And left them masters of the field
Piled with a hundred thousand dead!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

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